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ENGLISH REVIEW

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MARCH, 1925

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Correspondence

Crime and Romance

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Surely the author of the article in your January issue, entitled "The Cult of the Criminal," is mistaken in regarding this cult as a post-war phenomenon. Even its most modern feature—the sensational Press report—was deplored by Lewis Carroll in the eighteen-nineties. And, without the aid of the professional reporter, it has flourished in every fairly developed civilisation. It is reasonable to infer that a tendency to it is grounded, not in moral perversity, but in average human nature.

Mingled with our shuddering, shamefaced interest in a tale of blood and horror is a strain of idealism—we should prefer our criminals to be men of the loftiest moral character! If they lived sufficiently long ago, we can even persuade ourselves that they *were*. What of Eugene Aram? Must we believe that Hood's hag-ridden sufferer—Lytton's sombre man of destiny—once lived a story as squalid, and sordid, and ugly, as those the Press reports to-day? Reason fails to make his an exceptional case—but the hand of time transfigures, and the imagination of poets works greater wonders still.

Browning has boldly retailed all the odious gossip which would make the more sensitive of Pompilia's contemporaries dismiss her case with disgust; then, striking to the heart of the story, he has shown her, in the words of the old Pope:—

"First of the first in whiteness,
My rose, I gather for the breast of God."

Shelley has done as much for Beatrice Cenci. And the plain man, who has no gift of vision, yet keeps his schoolboy love of a bold buccaneer!

With regard to the sentimental cult of the highwayman, it was deplored in the eighteenth century in the same spirit which your author shows to-day; suffering, however, less damage from declamation than from the satire of Gay. Macheath indeed was once thought to have ended the idolisation of the brigand—and yet the very generation which has hailed his revival has acclaimed, in the picture-houses, the exploits of a Dick Turpin and a Claude Duval who are the complete embodiment of the romantic hero.

A cult of such criminals cannot do much harm. Let us be thankful for the tendency which banishes a man's less amiable traits from memory and reverses, in our experience, the depressing dictum of Mark Antony.

I have only to add that I am in complete agreement with the views expressed in your other article, "Punishment by Publicity." The regulation of the Press to-day seems as much a part of public policy as was the discontinuation of public executions in an earlier generation.

I am, etc.,

12, Albany Road, Southport. CELIA COOK.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

Ascending Islam

AMIDST the resounding complexities of European troubles, the rumblings of subterranean Bolshevism, and the groanings of Englishmen under financial burdens too heavy to be borne, comparatively few have leisure, or are inclined, to estimate carefully the effect of movements outside the immediate interests of the Western world. Yet nothing is more certain than the fact that such movements are proceeding on a scale, and with a gradually accelerating impetus, bound eventually to affect the destinies of all mankind, and having for us of these British Isles very special and ominous import. Asia is stirring. Her long sleep broken at last, she looks with a new sense of gathering unity and with hope of ultimate triumph at the white men whom she has seen hurled back by a victorious Japan from the gates of China, and massacring each other in desperate internecine strife during four years of war.

Must Asia—ask her writers—bow down for ever at the knees of the West? Must white predominance still be regarded as permanent and unalterable? Not so, they say; the legend of white invincibility is shattered for ever; the world hegemony of the white man is doomed and draws swiftly towards its end. These are the thoughts, these the articulate ideas, in minds working amongst nearly a thousand millions of the human race, and finding utterance in multitudinous newspapers, representing a Press whose very existence is scarcely recognised by Western men, but which is extant and potent from Tokio to Baghdad and to Cairo, and in many towns whose very names most white men have never heard.*

* "I have met," says a writer of knowledge (Mr. Bernard Temple), "with Cairo newspapers in Baghdad, Teheran, and Peshawar; Constantinople newspapers in Basra and Bombay; Calcutta newspapers in Mohammerak, Kerbela, and Port Said."

In the very van of this immense resurgence, like an organised force in the midst of inchoate legions, Islam is rearing again the banner which in the past so long overshadowed Christendom with its folds. Few, or comparatively few, realise that of all the proselytising creeds known on earth the religion of Mahomet takes the palm. Not theirs, indeed, the pale methods of Christian advocacy. The sword or the Korân, death or conversion, this was the choice offered by the Arab conquerors who, in the first century after their Prophet's flight from Mecca, carried their belief to blood-stained mastery, from the deserts of Arabia to and beyond the Pyrenees, on the one side, and far into Asia on the other. In our day modes of persuasion less drastic have been pursued, but the essential spirit has remained the same. Still are the joys of Paradise promised to him who falls in battle for the faith; still is it the duty of every true believer to be ready to give his life for his creed. From two hundred to two hundred and fifty millions is the estimated number of Mohammedans, and their religion is dominant throughout Southern Asia (with the exception of India, where they are in a minority), and the whole of Northern Africa from the Mediterranean to the Sahara. Beyond that limit are they now extending their sway, for they are making converts in vast numbers amongst the Central African blacks. This is what a writer of high authority says on this subject: "All the emotions which impel a Christian to proselytise are in a Mussulman strengthened by all the motives which impel a political leader, and all the motives which sway a recruiting sergeant, until proselytism has become a passion which, whenever success seems practicable, and especially success on a large scale, develops in the quietest Mussulman a fury of ardour which induces him to break down every obstacle, his own prejudices included, rather than stand for an instant in the neophyte's way."

On our modern consciousness facts like these beat in vain. We have been born and bred in that period—brief even as the life of a nation is measured—when the force of Islam had sunk to its lowest ebb and the paramountcy of the West seemed as permanent as the Himalayas. Yet so lately as the year 1683 Europe was still trembling before the advance of the Turk, and a Mohammedan Army was

besieging Vienna. In our own day we have seen every prognostic of Turkish overthrow falsified in the event, and "the sick man" of Europe, whose enforced exit from that Continent appeared inevitable seventy years ago, rising from his bed with strength apparently ten times renewed. The Turks, who were to have been flung "bag and baggage" from Constantinople, have refastened their grip on the old imperial city, and, but six years after their immense defeat in war, they seem as full of pride and insolence as in the reign of "Solyman the Magnificent."

Whence has come this wondrous renaissance of Islam? How is it that a religion which fifty or a hundred years ago seemed, superficially at least, waning into the limbo of dying creeds has found the source of a new life and become once more a great and growing reality? To know the answer to that question we must study the history of the Wahabis, a Mohammedan sect in Arabia to whose fiery impulse this re-birth of Islam is due. Like all vital movements, this one owed its inception to an individual, Ibn Abd ul-Wahhab, after whom it is called. This warrior fanatic, who flourished in the eighteenth century, was a reformer of the militant stamp. He was as a Luther carrying a sword, and death (when he could inflict it) was the penalty of non-acceptance of his teaching. He preached the primitive simplicity of early days and denounced all luxury, debauchery, and superstition. He is said to have provided all his soldiers with a written order to the gatekeeper of heaven for immediate admission to paradise if they fell on the battlefield! But that, whatever his extravagances, he struck some true note of sincerity which has vibrated ever since in the hearts of his followers can hardly be doubted, for from that date to this the Wahabis have been as the central core of vital Mohammedanism. These are the men who have but now overthrown King Hussein and captured, or threatened, Jeddah, while Mecca also is reported to be lost. Their victory, if it be substantiated, marks a new stage in Mohammedan revival, and may have far repercussions. For whatever the cunning or the duplicity of Ibn Saoud, their present leader, the Wahabis themselves stand for the spiritual and also the fanatical elements of Islam, and these are the qualities which have the greater power of penetration :—

since the politician is of the day, but the believer is of the centuries.

Yet let it not be thought that this revival of Islam, great and pregnant as it is, stands as the only, or even the principal, resurgence with which the coloured world confronts the white. Besides pan-Islamism, there is also pan-Asianism—a movement, or a monition, which is greater still. The solidarity of the coloured races of the earth, and in particular of the brown and of the yellow peoples, is indeed a thing which to the casual glance hardly exists. The innumerable rifts which divide it leap to the eye. What apparent bond is there between the Chinaman and the Bengali, the Japanese and the Persian, the Turk and the Malay? Yet a bond there is, and it consists in a common hatred of the white man. Asia still quivers with exultation over the result of the Russo-Japanese war, while since that triumph of her cause she has seen the boasted civilisation of the West engaged in suicidal conflict on a scale unparalleled, and marked by such torrents of blood as had been previously unknown in the history of mankind.

For us assuredly there is the most direct reason deeply to consider the pan-Asian position. For in the tide of our unsurpassed folly, carried away by empty words and shibboleths of democratic cant, we have loosened our hold upon India just at the moment when any relaxation of our grip was most likely to be dangerous, not only to ourselves, but to the whole realm of white hegemony. We have no colony, no settlement in Hindustan. We are there and we have ruled there through the administration of an incorruptible justice, through the prestige of the past, and through our power to maintain peace by the sword. These miracles we have accomplished, these incomparable boons we have conferred upon three hundred million human beings, through the agency of some fifteen hundred Civil servants and about sixty-five thousand English troops. The administration of justice we are now gradually, but on the whole swiftly, surrendering to native officials, and with that surrender departs our prestige and half the justification of our presence in India. Our action might be compared with that of the vanguard of an army—holding positions far advanced in alien country filled with

possible foes, on whose retention depends the safety of the hosts in their rear—which should desert those positions without compulsion. That desertion would be a betrayal, and our evasion of our duty in India is, in truth, a betrayal, and a betrayal of appalling magnitude, fraught with infinite consequence, of the cause of the white race throughout the globe. The idea of converting India into a self-governing Dominion, such as Australia or Canada, content to remain within the ring fence of the Empire, and full of a loyalty ensuring their help in war, is, of course, a fairy tale, unworthy of the intelligence of a child. What would in reality follow the consummation of our coward's treason to our race would be the passing of the mastery of the Pacific to the Asiatic peoples, with Japan as their chief. The doom of Australia and New Zealand would probably be ultimately involved, nor is it likely that the United States, with its many handicaps, would be able to reverse the verdict. That Japan would ere long become the absolute master of the Indian Empire can hardly be doubted, though there would almost certainly be an intervening period of terrible chaos and slaughter before her advent on the scene was fully achieved. In the event, the white world would reel back into narrower bounds, and have to face the struggles of the future under the most unfavourable conditions.

These giant shadows of coming time are already beginning to throw their darkness over the earth. To face, not to ignore them, is the part of wisdom.

Current Comments

Security and the Bridgeheads

THE article "Peace—or the Peace Treaty?" in this number, is the preface to the book entitled *Security*,* which will be published on March 7th. In this book is printed the series of articles on the subject of our military security which have appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW since August last, together with an article by Mr. John de la Valette, included by the courtesy of the editor of *The XIXth Century and After*. Those who have not read all or any of the series will find in the preface a brief synopsis of the views expressed in the several articles. Since the earlier ones were published the logic of events has considerably modified public opinion, which has undoubtedly hardened in the direction of a military pact between Great Britain, France, and Belgium for the protection of a common frontier against Germany. That such a pact will be concluded we regard as certain. The test of courageous statesmanship, however, will be the retention or the abandonment of the bridgeheads of the Rhine. All the forces of compromise, all the voices which more than ever, since the war, clamour for a moment of illusory peace, even at the price of yielding a vital principle or an irrecoverable right, will be exerted to the utmost to restore to the enemy the power of securing revenge, which was wrested from him by the sacrifice of millions of lives. Thus, if they succeed, the moral weaklings will once again fill their historical *rôle* of destruction; for nothing can be more certain than that, pact or no pact, if the gates are opened to Germany, she will attack again within a generation.

The Political Levy Bill

THE Bill to amend the Trade Union Act, 1913, relating to political levies, is of the simplest description, and is designed to remove a patent injustice. Prior to the Act of 1913, the Courts had held that the collection of money by trade unions from their members for political purposes was illegal, such purposes not being among a trade union's authorised

* *Security*. THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. Ready, March 7th. 1s. net, post free 1s. 2d.

objects. To get over these decisions the Asquith-Lloyd George Government, under pressure from the trade unions, passed the Act of 1913. Under this Act, it is still necessary that the "principal objects" of a trade union should be non-political, but the funds of a trade union may be applied for political objects if the furtherance of the same has been approved by a resolution of the union passed on a ballot. The political fund is to be kept separate from the union's other funds, and any member is to be exempt from obligation to contribute to it *provided that he gives written notice in a particular form, stating that he objects to contribute.*

The Bill before Parliament, whilst leaving it open to any member of a trade union spontaneously to contribute to the political fund, would relieve those members who do not desire to contribute from the odious duty of having to give express notice of objection. It substitutes contracting in for contracting out. It is impossible to conceive a more fair and reasonable proposal.

It is a grave disappointment to the public in general, and to Conservatives in particular, to learn that Ministers —marching in this with *The Times*—have become nervous and unfriendly to this Bill. Timidity in leadership has been for many years past the chief misfortune of the Conservative Party. It was this which enabled Mr. Lloyd George to exercise autocratic power in a Parliament mainly Conservative (1918-22); it was this which led to the degrading "treaty" with Sinn Fein. The useful movement which brought about the downfall of the generally detested Coalition, came from below and not from the party leaders. To "move along the lines of least resistance"—in other words, opportunism—is a policy which forfeits respect in the country, and kills enthusiasm among the party rank and file; it is, in fact, the very policy which three years ago brought about the Die-hard revolt.

Civilian Losses by Enemy Action

The hopes of the large number of civilian sufferers from damage by enemy action, whose claims are believed to amount to a total between £50,000,000 and £100,000,000, will have been disappointed by the reply of Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons to a question put by Mr. Esmond Harmsworth.

Mr. Churchill stated, "His Majesty's Government have decided that they are unable to depart from the decision reached in 1920, and confirmed by successive Administrations since that date, that the sum of £5,000,000 allocated to compensation for damage by enemy action (to which there has since been added £300,000 for belated claims) is a final and maximum amount. I cannot ask the general taxpayer to make an addition to this sum."

Mr. Churchill had just returned from Paris where he had conceded an allocation to America of 2¼ per cent. of the total payments by Germany under the Dawes Scheme, in respect of similar claims for damage by American civilians. The sensible and just system adopted in America has been to constitute a tribunal, consisting of two judges and an umpire, to examine all claims, whose award is final. The German Government was invited to appoint one of the two judges, but expressed itself as satisfied that both should be American.

We have reason to believe that the American Government anticipate that the total of such claims adjudicated and allowed will amount to about £60,000,000. From the date of each award interest will accrue at the rate of 5 per cent. until payment is received, so that, for practical purposes, the awards will become negotiable security. It is believed to be the intention of the American Government to float a loan as soon as the assessment of all claims has been completed in order to pay them in cash and in full, the Government looking to the German payments to provide interest and amortisation of the loan.

French, Belgians and Americans Compensated

As has already been explained in this REVIEW the French and Belgian Governments have fully compensated their civilian nationals who suffered war damage by enemy action, and even also those British subjects in France and Belgium who were fortunate enough to have their businesses registered under French and Belgian law.

Now Americans are to be similarly compensated, and our share of German Reparation payments is to be reduced in order to provide the funds.

ONLY British subjects are to be left unpaid, and the conclusion is irresistible that the Government are prepared

meanly to repudiate an honourable and legal obligation to them, merely because, although their claims are large, their numbers are not large enough to turn a vote in any constituency, except, perhaps, in Thanet. The Government is quite mistaken, however, if it imagines that any Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the bidding of Treasury officials, can perpetrate such an iniquity. An appeal to the Courts is likely to put a very different complexion on the matter, and we have reason to believe that one will undoubtedly be made at an early date.

Only British Unpaid

Floods of comment were expended over Mr. Asquith's elevation to the peerage and over the title which he has assumed. But, curiously enough, until a clever cartoon in the *Evening News* attracted public attention to the point, very little, comparatively, was said of the really curious part of the affair; which is certainly the fact that the man who acted as the mortal enemy, the actual destroyer, of the power of the House of Lords, should have now become a member of that body. The shortness of the public memory could hardly receive more vivid illustration than in this instance. In 1910—which really does not mean the Dark Ages—Mr. Asquith was the protagonist of the mighty attack upon the constitution of this realm, which ended in depriving the Upper House of its legislature of rights and of authority which it had enjoyed since, and before, the Norman Conquest. In 1925 he passes tranquilly into that haven, by himself reduced to impotence, and hardly anyone seems to notice the weirdness of the event. It looks as though the British public are not only content to be ignorant of the history of their country before they were born (as they certainly are), but as if they are also quite willing to forget even that portion of it which has passed during their own lives.

The Iconoclast in the Lords

Until well within recent memory, adult education was one of those lost causes championed only by a few voices crying in the wilderness, but lately it has come into the front rank of importance. We confess, however, to some anxiety when we learn that

Labour and Adult Education

the greatest advances since the war—it might almost be said the only advances—have been made by the Labour Party and those of like or allied political complexion. The range of activities is too wide, and the diversity of methods too varied, to allow of more than a glance at a few of the more prominent examples of this new-born zeal for education and instruction. In order that all the different efforts may be co-ordinated, an educational committee has been formed within the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, and money is voted for and support given to purely educational work. The Co-operative Union has appointed a special director of studies; in their Women's Guild alone 80,000 members have responded to the facilities offered to them; £50,000 was recently voted for the Co-operative College at Manchester. There is hardly a district throughout the country that has not its tutorial classes, courses of lectures, summer, winter and week-end schools and other facilities for instruction and discussion. Never before have there been so many evidences of widespread interest in education.

In the face of all this strenuous activity, directed against the very existence of the Conservative Party, it would be idle to pretend that any adequate counter-measures are being taken.

Twenty-five or Twenty-one

As there is no reason to suppose that the country will be involved in another general election much, if at all, before the expiry of the full term of the present Government, there was no excuse for adding to the congestion of public business by the proposal to reduce the age qualification for women voters to twenty-one. There is no logical reason for discrimination between the sexes, and if, as we think, very few young women of twenty-one are either capable, or particularly desirous, of exercising the right to vote, it is equally true that few men of that age can claim to have acquired settled convictions. How many men at, say, forty can honestly say that they still hold the views and cherish the enthusiasms of twenty-one? The sensible solution would be, without of course disfranchising anyone, to enact that all future additions to the register, of both sexes, should have reached the age of twenty-five.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Food for Thought

THE limits of futility are being reached by the enquiry into food prices. The following gems of wisdom are culled from the report of the hearing on February 16th. In answer to Mrs. Snowden, who, by the way, having lately been in Canada, is impressed by the fact that a farmers' selling organisation formed for the (quite legitimate) purpose of securing the best prices possible for their produce, is likely to "stabilise" prices, a Mrs. Hart stated: "Some blame the retailers, some the wholesalers, and some the Government." "Do they say what we, as a Commission, should do?" "They say you ought to bring the prices down. They don't go further than that."

Another witness remarked upon the novel phenomenon that "When one thing goes down, another goes up. Sometimes it seems to me that the Government does not want the working men to get any better off than they were." But Mr. Fred Bramley and Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who made a long statement on behalf of the General Council of the Trade Union Congress and the Executive Committee of the Labour Party, proved too much for the patience of the Chairman, Sir Auckland Geddes, who protested: "I am very disappointed. I thought we were going to get something valuable. You give us this magnificent memorandum, answer scores of questions, and all the time I have been wondering where we are going to get this cheapening from. I find you gentlemen do not know any more than we do."

Who ever supposed they did?

Far too many false hopes have been raised as to the magical powers of a Royal Commission to reduce prices. The only useful purpose it will serve will be to explode the myth of "profiteering," which has little more basis in fact than the assertions of the Communists that all poverty is the fault of the "rich." The *Daily Mail* is already satisfied that "there has been nothing to establish the idea that there is a gang of 'rich men' exploiting the needy." But it still believes that "the people who are oppressing the poor are the small tradesmen in the next street, who must have their 40 or 50 per cent. on every bargain."

The *Daily Mail* lately conceived the excellent idea of inviting Mr. Harold Cox to examine L.C.C. scholars in arithmetic and other subjects, and performed a valuable

public service in showing that, judged by results, a large part of the vast sums spent on education is wasted. But even an elementary L.C.C. scholar could surely calculate that a tradesman who turned his money over (as some provision dealers do) several times a week, with this mythical 40 or 50 per cent. on every bargain, could soon buy up Selfridges.

Profitable Politics

An illuminating illustration of the working of democratic rule is that, while notoriously the higher responsible positions in the American Government are seriously underpaid, the Senate has just voted unanimously in favour of a Bill to increase salaries of members of both Houses of Congress to £2,000 a year. In Australia the salaries of members of the Commonwealth Parliament were recently increased to £1,000 a year. Thus while the best brains available for the service of the State in the higher posts, unless they happen also to be endowed with private fortunes, cannot afford to leave their more lucrative callings, the profession of politics has been made attractively profitable to many who would be unable to earn half as much in any other way.

French Socialists

The recent congress of French Socialists at Grenoble was instructive from two points of view—psychological and numerical—and was not without its lesson for England. Here is a party which was "down and out" after the congress at Tours in 1920, when the Communists captured its machinery, including its daily newspaper, *Humanité*. Its numerical strength decreased to such an extent that it could not support a daily newspaper in Paris; for the *Populaire*, in spite of the active pens of M. Léon Blum, the Jewish leader of the party, and Jean Longuet, had to cease publication as a daily.

And yet, by the hybrid system of proportional representation and by coalescing with the Radicals and Radical-Socialists, this party succeeded in returning to the Chamber of Deputies 105 representatives. This notwithstanding the admission at the Grenoble Congress that the Socialists in France number only 70,000. No one knows better than M. Herriot that, but for the support of these 105

Socialist deputies, he could not hope to remain Premier. So it comes to this: the Socialist deputies, and their 70,000 supporters in the country, are the real masters of France at this moment.

They are not of the Government, and yet they are dictating Government measures. By degrees they are imposing their policy of Etatism. It is they who forced M. Herriot to interfere in the management of the railways by appointing State officials on the boards; it is they who compelled him to amnesty deserters; and it is they who are now campaigning for a levy on capital. French Socialism is passing through a drastic evolution. The Socialists no longer talk of a street revolution. They are seeking to attain their ends, not by force, but by a tyrannical Parliamentary majority.

And the Senate

Of course the Senate, which not so long ago was more Left than the Chamber, but is now concerned over what is taking place in the Palais Bourbon, will have something to say on the experiments in Etatism. The Cartel des Gauches knows that it has many enemies in the Upper Assembly, and its organs in the Press are now preparing an agitation resembling that which England knew when Home Rule for Ireland was a burning question. Alarmed lest the Senate should either unduly modify or reject altogether those Government measures which bear the unmistakable stamp of Socialism, the Cartel des Gauches, through the *Quotidien*, which started the campaign that ended in M. Millerand being driven from the Elysée, and through other newspapers in Paris and the provinces, is seeking to prepare public opinion for the reform of the Upper House on the pretext that it exercises its powers abusively.

The Socialists are at the back of this campaign, as they are behind everything that the Government has done —the setting at liberty of deserters, the authorisation given to civil servants to form themselves into trade unions, and the giving of taxpayers' money to strikers, as was done in the case of the revolutionary strike at Douarnenez. There is another reason why the Socialists are angry with the Senate. They have never forgotten that it was this assembly, sitting as a High Court, which passed sentence

on M. Caillaux. And now that this ambitious politician, who before the war wanted to enter into an arrangement with Germany as against England, is free, they would like to signalise his return to political life by making it possible for him to revenge himself on the Luxembourg, if he so desires.

But the Senate is well aware of the manœuvre of the Cartel des Gauches. It may be expected to put up a stern fight against Socialist dictation, and it will have the better elements in the country with it.

National Education

In our editorial article last month we drew attention to the extreme need for the assignment of a definite purpose to national education. Our point was that a national system of education ought obviously to have a national objective, and we found that objective on the one hand in the exaltation of character, through a patriotism born of a living knowledge of whatever is noblest in the history of England, and, on the other hand, in an equipment for the duties of citizenship, in the shape of some clear conception of the way in which this nation lives and earns its bread.

Ten Times the Cost

We refer again to this subject now, because somewhat poignantly impressive figures bearing upon it have since been published in the press. According to a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, whose authority is warranted by that paper, the cost per head of national education in France is £2 12s., while that of the education of the London child is £27. This is a discrepancy so immense as to seem at the first blush almost incredible.

Yet it is to be feared that it remains the fact, however strange, and it would seem to be the imperative duty of authority to enquire into the cause. Is it, for instance, to be found in the nature of the article supplied? Is State education in London ten times as valuable as State education in France? He would be a bold man who would venture to answer that question in the affirmative. The real test of national education is its effect upon the nation. Are the French less patriotic, less moral, less industrious and less efficient than we are? In the struggle for life—

in peace, not in war—are they less well equipped to survive than ourselves? If not, in what is our educational system superior to theirs? Yet, including secondary as well as elementary education, it costs, in London, ten times, and for England at large (as is estimated) about eight times, as much.

We think that if "things that really matter" were to receive attention in the order of their importance, the House of Commons would proceed at once to appoint a special committee to consider the whole question, not perfunctorily, but as a problem of the most vital national urgency.

Mr. Kipling and the Nobel Prize

A CORRESPONDENT writes us: "In this month's ENGLISH REVIEW a letter appears from Mr. E. C. F. Coyle, in which he asks: 'Has "Patricius" never heard of Mr. Yeats, winner of the Nobel Prize the year that Kipling and Hardy, two of England's intellectual kings, were his opponents?' Facts to some Irishmen may be as red flags to a bull, but 'Patricius' should know that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Rudyard Kipling was awarded the Nobel Prize in December, 1909, seventeen years before the first Irishman. Another injustice to Ireland!"

Peace—or the Peace Treaty?

Preface to SECURITY. [THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. Ready, March 7th. 1s. net, post free 1s. 2d.]

By the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

WITH one exception, included by the kind permission of the Editor of *The XIXth Century and After*, all the chapters in this book have been contributed by various writers to THE ENGLISH REVIEW. The series commenced in August last with the Notes of Marshal Foch respecting the Rhine forts. These notes, destined to become historic, demand the permanent retention of the fortified bridgeheads of the Rhine, as guarantees against a German attack by land. There has been no serious attempt to dispute the truth of Marshal Foch's contentions, and they are, I believe, indisputable. Owing, however, to their controversial political aspect, responsible English military opinion has been disinclined to make any public pronouncement upon them. I feel justified, nevertheless, in expressing the belief that on purely strategic grounds it would almost unanimously endorse the views of Marshal Foch.

As to the political considerations, it becomes daily more clear that if civilian politicians alone are to be the architects of our military security, it is likely to prove but a house of cards; if it is to be a permanent structure, the foundations at least must be designed by military experts.

Since the Peace Conference the one essential consideration, namely, the most effective means of securing the future peace of Europe by the prevention of another German attempt to overwhelm France and Belgium, has been obscured by successive clouds of varying political sentiment. There was, first, the assurance that America would join in a military pact to guarantee the inviolability of the Allied frontiers. When this promise was repudiated, it was assumed that the European Allies would enter into

a similar mutual bond. So far only France and Belgium have, in fact, pledged themselves. Mr. Lloyd George dangled a tentative proposal before M. Briand, too vague to be acceptable. M. Poincaré stood firm for an unequivocal British engagement to defend France and Belgium. No British statesman could definitely refuse. None has yet definitely agreed. It seems always to have been hoped that from one of the passing clouds would descend some celestial inspiration, by which the unpleasant realisation of hard facts might be avoided. This amiable illusion has been actively fostered by the adherents of the League of Nations. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, while under the sober influence of the permanent officials and expert advisers of the British Government, issued a note exposing the dangers and fallacies of the proposed mutual security pact of the League, which will rank as one of his few claims to be regarded as a statesman. His subsequent meteoric performance at Geneva where, in conjunction with M. Herriot, he formulated the famous Protocol designed to take the place of the pact and to "abolish war," is the more incomprehensible. For, whatever may be the outcome of the present effort to solve the problem of security it is certain that the Geneva Protocol will dissolve like the other clouds which have in turn obscured the real issue.

So confused, indeed, has the question become that it is worth while to state it in its most elementary terms. The preposterous myth of French Imperialism, or "Neo-Napoleonism," sedulously fostered by the pacifists and pro-Germans in England and elsewhere, is already recognised as the absurdity that it was. The peace of Europe is threatened by only one great nation—Germany. Except as a possible ally or vassal of Germany, Russia may be ignored. Germany alone has, or could soon provide, the mass of men and material, coupled with the will, to wage a war of conquest which for her would also be a war of revenge. If any doubt her will to war, let them study Brig.-General J. H. Morgan's article on "The Disarmament of Germany, and After," in *The Quarterly Review* for October last. As Deputy-Adjutant-General on the Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control, he writes with undeniable authority.

To the many, perhaps, more accustomed to adopt super-

ficial impressions than to seek and examine evidence, the most convincing proof will have been the recent dramatic conversion of M. Herriot, the Radical-Socialist pacifist apostle of mutual confidence and arbitration. In the light of the evidence placed before him by the disarmament commission and his military advisers, abjuring utterly all his former protestations, he earned for himself in a single speech the title "Super-Poincaré," declaring that "our hold on the Rhine is the essential, and perhaps the last, condition of our security." M. Herriot is not alone in his discovery of the truth. Many of the leading Radicals and Socialists, without whose support he could not have retained office, have made equally emphatic declarations, as, for instance, M. Franklin Bouillon. Thus M. Paul-Boncour (who shared with M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald the main responsibility for the Geneva Protocol), in *L'Œuvre*:—

> France, for nine months, has prodigally given proofs of her goodwill, her Socialist desires, her wish for peace, to a Germany where the Left (Socialist) Party shows only its impotence to prevent the Right from preparing for revenge. Failing a pact of guarantee, which has so far been refused to us, who will take the responsibility of withdrawing our troops from the bridges of the Rhine and the junctions of the railways, whence again invasion will overwhelm us? To this pact of guarantee, to the material facts and the sentiments necessary to its realisation, Herriot, in London, despite suspicions and calumnies, sacrificed everything, even a legitimate part of our reparations. . . .
>
> It is too clear that Germany is arming. Even if she destroys the actual *matériel* of the last war, in respect of which we have stupidly allowed ourselves to be hypnotised by the Treaty of Versailles, she will be ready to manufacture anew. Her factories will suffice, and Von Seeckt will see to it that she organises her effectives. Amidst a Europe in arms, a great country of 60,000,000 inhabitants, embittered by defeat and determined to regain its position, cannot be prevented from arming except by a pact of guarantee—an international control—which she cannot trifle with without setting the whole of Europe against her.
>
> France [he concludes] will wait on the Rhine bridges until this control is in operation and the pact is sealed.

No words need be wasted to prove that the security of England, as against the one possible and probable enemy —Germany, is inseparable from that of France and Belgium; that, in fact, their frontiers are also ours.

It follows therefore that, even in our purely selfish interests, we must defend those frontiers against German aggression. The lesson of the late war has further made it clear that the probabilities of such aggression will be

lessened most effectively if our intention and preparedness to stand by France and Belgium are declared beyond doubt. Thus a pact of mutual defence, openly ratified before the world, is a certainty born of necessity.

So far policy will be dictated by elemental forces beyond our control. But the heavy liability having perforce been assumed, the serious question arises how best can it be insured against or reduced. War can be waged on, or in, three elements, land, sea and air. The following chapters deal with two only, land and air. Chapter III., by Marshal Foch, postulates the permanent retention of the fortified bridgeheads of the Rhine as the indispensable condition of effective defence against German aggression by land. His arguments are strategically irrefutable. It must at once be admitted, however, that, as we failed to enforce all necessary conditions of security at the time of framing the Peace Treaty, political considerations arise which, unless Germany openly defies her obligations, will require her concurrence in the revision of some of its clauses. But, as a diplomat in the closest touch with every aspect of the question said to me the other day in Paris, the Powers must decide whether they are concerned to maintain peace or the Peace Treaty, *for they cannot have both!* The Treaty is, however, a Treaty, and concessions cannot be demanded, even from Germany, without concessions on our side. This is not the time or place to consider in detail what form these might take. They are of two kinds: those which, while giving satisfaction to Germany, would remove what may be held to be arbitrary provocations, and those which would be in the nature of an act of grace or gratuity. The Danzig corridor, where, as we have just seen, even letter boxes might provide a *casus belli*, may be taken as an example of the first, and the restitution of one of her colonies, of the second.

It is not suggested that France, either alone or in conjunction with England and Belgium, should hold the Rhine forts. However desirable militarily, it is recognised that politically such a step would be provocative. It is proposed that the four bridgehead fortresses should be placed under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations, which until, if ever, it possess military forces of its own, should call upon the Allies, and perhaps also other willing

nations, to provide garrisons with the sole purpose of preventing any attempt to cross the Rhine. An equally protective guarantee might be extended to Germany, who would lose no other part of the Rhineland of which the population would remain German. She could not be said even to lose the forts, since, under the existing Treaty, these must be dismantled when evacuated by the Allies, and a zone of fifty kilometres in width to the east of the Rhine must also be demilitarised. The forts would be held in the name of the League of Nations as a safeguard against the violation by Germany of the demilitarisation of the Rhine zone. After her violation of the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium, in face of Belgium's armed resistance, it would be preposterous to suggest that Germany could be trusted not to cross her own territory to attack France merely because it had been demilitarised by treaty. The only effective guarantees are the fortified bridgeheads. From whom is opposition to their use as safeguards of peace to be expected? Not, surely, from any of those who put their trust in the League of Nations. Nor from any section of the German nation which is sincerely pacific. Only from that other section, small or large, which is determined upon a war of revenge at the earliest possible moment. Is our anxiety to please everyone to extend even to these?

There remains the equally serious question of security against attack from the air. The chapters dealing with this subject have been placed together. The first, by M. André Michelin, the head of the great French tyre industry and a pioneer of aviation, sets out clearly the nature and extent of the problem, and indicates the sole solution, failing complete prohibition of aviation in Germany suggested by Mr. Gribble, which, it is to be feared, is not practicable. M. Michelin's contention is briefly that certain foreknowledge of reprisals to be carried out simultaneously by France, Belgium, England, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, if any one of them should be attacked, is the only means of inspiring Germany with a salutary apprehension, and thus of preventing such attack. He suggests that each of these nations should agree to contribute its quota of airplanes, together with personnel and equipment to a total combined force of 4,000 or 5,000 machines, and, in the common cause, to undertake

destructive reprisals upon one or more German towns nearest their frontiers, decided upon in advance.

The greatest danger to the peace of the world is, probably, the emotional yearning for peace at any price compounded partly of war weariness and largely of fear, encouraged by an idealistic faith in the new evangel of the League of Nations. If there were any grounds for belief that this spirit animated equally all the nations, the dream of universal peace might indeed be realised. If, in fact, it has not penetrated the very nation which constitutes the greatest menace to peace, it is evident that it will result only in the more certain destruction of the trustful sheep by the savage wolf. Those who have indulged in dreams of the inauguration of a new era of universal benevolence and mutual trust will doubtless condemn the policy of preparedness to meet force by force, and attack by overpowering reprisals, as a counsel of despair. But what would their dreams avail when the German hordes had overwhelmed France, and German bombs, explosive, incendiary and asphyxiating, were raining upon Paris and London? Even should the period of respite outlast the lives of those who suffered in the late war, which is too much to expect, our duty to those who come after us is clear. Before it is too late, in other words before the British forces evacuate the Cologne sector of the Rhine, we must make good the gaps in the Treaty of Peace and ensure, as far as is humanly possible, immunity for ourselves and our Allies from invasion by an unrepentant and revengeful Germany. The initiative and the power rest with the Allied Governments and mainly with our own. If they are not now exerted with greater vision, energy and courage than have been displayed by their predecessors since the Armistice, Europe will inevitably relapse into a crushing competition in armaments culminating in a war that may destroy the freedom of these islands.

The purpose of the articles now republished in this book was to arouse attention both to the reality and imminence of the danger, and to indicate the only effective means of insurance against it.

The Resurrection of Russia and the Prospects of a Monarchist Restoration

By Professor Charles Sarolea

EVIDENCE is slowly accumulating, week by week and almost day by day, that the Bolshevist *régime* has entered on its last phase of disintegration and dissolution. The events of the last twelve months have been confirming every forecast which I made in my recent book, *Impressions of Soviet Russia*. The expulsion of Trotsky, once the Superman, the Napoleonic organiser of victory, the quarrels between the leaders, the discontent and revolt of the peasants, the roving bands which in the outlying districts have already begun to massacre the supporters of Bolshevism, the ghastly failure of Soviet diplomacy, are so many signs which indicate that the *régime* is nearing its end. It is politically, financially and morally bankrupt.

English trade union leaders, travelling on a personally conducted tour, may still inform us that Russia is enjoying peace and tranquillity. But the tranquillity is the tranquillity of prostration and exhaustion, the peace is the peace of the desert. And in that desert are stalking the four spectres of hunger and plague, terror and madness. A once prosperous country has been turned into a madhouse and a prison, into a hospital and a cemetery.

Those same trade union leaders may tell us that the *régime* is gradually evolving and becoming more humane and more democratic. The inexorable truth is that it cannot evolve, that it cannot become more humane, because it is committed to terrorism, and that when it has ceased to strike terror into its enemies its doom will be sealed. Nor can it resort to democratic methods, because ninety-nine per cent. of the Russian people are against it. It is precisely because Trotsky wanted to "evolve" that he was expelled from the party, although he was by far their

ablest and most dynamic personality. And the party were quite right in opposing his evolutionary methods and in maintaining the iron discipline which alone can postpone, even though it cannot ward off, the inevitable end.

Thus, judged by any test which was ever applied to any human government, the Soviet *régime* stands condemned. But the condemnation is equally final if we judge it by its own principles. For it has repudiated every one of its principles, it has broken every one of its pledges.

The Dictators started by establishing a Communistic policy, and they ended by partitioning the Russian continent in huge concession areas, and the concessions were offered as bribes to the millionaire capitalists of the world.

The Dictators proclaimed the abolition of property, and they only succeeded in hastening the rise of a whole nation of small peasant proprietors who, for all time to come, will be the bitterest enemies of Communism.

The Dictators claimed that they were going to abolish the rich man, and they only succeeded in creating a new and hideous class of *nouveaux riches*, civil war profiteers, traffickers in purloined diamonds and furs and pictures, the receivers of stolen property.

The Dictators started by suppressing the death penalty, and they ended in slaughtering millions of their opponents. And the slaughtering and starving process has been so ruthless that, according to a high American authority, ex-Ambassador Washburn Child, the pre-war population of 180,000,000 has been reduced to less than 60,000,000.

The Dictators started by promising universal peace, and they ended by establishing the most oppressive militarism and Imperialism known to Russian history.

The Dictators started by offering independence to the various nationalities in the name of the Wilsonian principle of self-determination, and they ended by incorporating every nationality as a subject State in their Slave Empire.

The Dictators started by proclaiming a world-wide Internationale, and they only succeeded in developing in the Russian people a more intense and a more passionate national patriotism.

The Dictators started by abolishing Christianity from the face of the earth, and they only succeeded in

strengthening the loyalty of the Russian people to their old Church.

The present strength, or rather the present weakness, of the Soviet *régime* was dramatically tested only a few weeks ago by what happened in Esthonia. This miniature Republic of barely one million inhabitants possesses for the Bolshevists a political importance which is entirely out of proportion with its numbers. The capital, Reval, occupies a commanding position. Its possession is almost indispensable to the Dictators, both as a naval base and to maintain their free lines of communication with Europe, and because, if it were in the power of a hostile force, it would threaten the very existence of the Soviet Government. From Reval it is only a four-days' march to Petrograd.

It is easy to understand that the Dictators should again and again have made desperate efforts to capture so important a strategic position, and to engineer Communist revolts against the Esthonian Government. But if the Soviet Government were determined to control the Esthonians, the Esthonians were equally determined to offer a desperate resistance. For the Esthonians are too near the Bolshevist frontier, and they know too much about its methods ever to submit to a Bolshevist tyranny. Therefore when, a few weeks ago, the Bolshevist emissaries once more organised a rebellion against the Esthonian Republic, it was at once ruthlessly suppressed, and within forty-eight hours 150 of the Communist supporters had been executed. Obviously, if there were any fight left in the Red Army, if there were still any "organisers of victory," the Dictators would at once have sent out a punitive expedition. They would have put an end to Esthonian independence, just as, four years ago, they put an end to the independence of the Ukraine and of the Caucasian Republics. But they had no longer the power to make even this little military demonstration, and they had tamely to submit to an ignominious defeat. The Esthonian peasants had challenged the might and majesty of the Bolshevist Slave Empire, and it was the peasants who won. The lesson which has thus been given by the peasants outside the border sooner or

later will be learnt by the peasants inside Russia. It will then be brought home to them that to liberate themselves from an intolerable yoke is by no means an impossible task, and that what was done by a mere handful of Baltic rustics can also be accomplished by themselves.

In view of the imminent collapse of the Bolshevist *régime*, the question of what is to come after must soon prove one of immediate practical importance. And it is a question of European importance, because on the nature of the solution the whole future of Europe may eventually depend.

It is just possible that we may see a recurrence of the tragedy of 1918. The World War, like the Civil War in Russia, had been dragging on so long that people had been driven to think that the end would never come. Instead of which the consummation came suddenly, almost overnight. But when it did come the statesmen of Europe were not prepared for it. They had not had the foresight to think out, much less to agree upon, a single question. The inevitable result was the improvised Peace of Versailles, the consequent European chaos and the surrender of most of the principles and purposes for the sake of which ten nations had been bleeding to death.

History may repeat itself; unless the statesmen of Europe agree on what will be their Russian policy of to-morrow, there is considerable danger that, when the catastrophe of the Bolshevist *régime* happens, diplomacy may once more be taken by surprise.

Although European statesmen and diplomats have not made up their minds as to the "orientation" of their policy, fortunately there can be little doubt as to the working of the minds of the Russian people themselves. It is true that the dumb and oppressed millions inside Russia have no means of making their voices heard, but any traveller, who will take some trouble to make a discreet and careful investigation will be able to discover their feelings and aspirations, even though they may not express them.

Before the war a patriotic attachment to nationality (*narodnost*) and a devout loyalty to the Orthodox Church

(*pravoslavie*) were the two main points in the programme of the Russian Conservatives. Strange to say, those two points of the old Slavophile Trinity have become to-day the programme even of the Radicals. To restore the political and spiritual unity of the Russian people has become the one common ideal.

And even as the Russians are agreed as to the end, they are also agreed as to the means. They are convinced that the political and spiritual unity of the Russian people can only be established by a strong Government; in other words, that it can only be established by a restoration of the Monarchy. We seem to hear an echo of the popular cry which went up a thousand years ago and which is recalled in the oldest Russian historical record, the chronicle of Nestor:—"Our country is great and we possess everything in abundance. But there is neither law nor justice amongst us. Come and take possession and rule over us."

If a *plébiscite* were taken to-morrow there seems little doubt as to the verdict which would be given by ninety per cent. of the Russian people.

As I have just stated, the European traveller can only surmise the feelings and overhear the whisperings of the dumb millions inside Russia. But he can very distinctly hear the voices of the three millions of Russians outside Russia. He can find out the feelings of those unfortunate refugees who are wandering on every highway of the Continent, who belong to every class and every party, and whose very numbers and heterogeneous composition testify to the universal abhorrence felt for the Soviet *régime*. In order to ascertain their views I have been conducting for five years systematic enquiries in the main centres of the Russian emigration, in Belgrade and Ljubljana, in Prague and in Warsaw, in Berlin and in Paris.

A conversation and a discussion with the various types of Russian refugees will at first come as a revelation to the British investigator. He will be amazed to find that however divided those refugees may be in their politics, however different in their mental outlook, whatever their class and whatever their race, their conclusion will be the

same. "Let us return to the good old times. Let us put an end to our party divisions. Let us have done with our pre-war delusions." The very men who spent their lives fighting Tsarism are now asking passionately and wistfully for a return of the Monarchy. It is true that there still is a remnant of the Republican Guard obeying the Cadet leader Miliukoff. But they are only a small minority of *doctrinaires*. They are a minority even in the Cadet Party, and they will be swept away in the coming crisis as they were swept away in 1917. With this exception, and with the exception of those pessimists and nihilists like Merejkowski, who altogether despair of the Resurrection of Russia, the enormous majority of Russian Intellectuals whose opinion has any weight are converted to the Monarchist idea.

Only a few days ago I received a letter from Professor Struve, the eminent Socialist leader whose name before the war was one to conjure with in revolutionary circles. Although I have not the honour of knowing Professor Struve, he spontaneously wrote to me to express his gratitude for my article "A Plea for Tsarism" which appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW (November, 1924), the conclusions of which, in his opinion, would be endorsed by every patriotic Russian. Professor Struve's opinion *must* be typical, for I have received dozens of similar letters from the most unlikely quarters.

But the most startling testimony came from a well-known Jewish publicist. At a recent meeting, where I was asked to meet representatives of the various Russian parties, a very distinguished and very influential Jewish writer made the unexpected declaration that, speaking as a Jew, and although he himself was a Republican, he could only desire the restoration of a strong Monarchy, for the tragic reason that only the restoration of the Monarchy could eventually save the Jewish people from the elemental passions of hatred and revenge which would sweep all over the Russian Continent immediately after the downfall of Sovietism. If the peasants are to be left to themselves, if they were not restrained by the strong hand of authority, there will be a wholesale massacre of the Jews as in the days of the Ukrainian Hetman Bogdan Chmelnitzki.

At the conclusion of my enquiry in France I had the honour of having a long conversation with His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Nicholas. It was the first interview which he had granted to a European publicist. As His Imperial Highness declared to me, "If you had asked for an interview only three months ago I should probably not have been able to receive you. The end was not in sight then, it is in sight now. The day of action had not come then, it has come now."

I had long been looking forward to one day meeting one of the most interesting and most picturesque personalities in world politics. I was, of course, familiar, like every reader of the picture papers, with the striking outward appearance of the Russian giant who for eighteen months was the supreme commander of ten million Russian soldiers. But the personality of the man remained a complete mystery to me. A few moments of conversation sufficed to convince me that this personality has been entirely distorted both by his enemies and by his friends. I had expected to find an old man, and instead I found a vigorous, erect figure who still seemed to be in the prime of life, and who certainly looked ten years younger than his age. I had expected to find a disillusioned, war-weary soldier, disinclined to assume any risks or responsibilities, and totally divorced from politics. Instead I found a man keenly interested in every political question, full of hope and energy, and eager to stake everything for the salvation of his country. I had expected to find a hard and morose soldier, a kind of Russian Lord Kitchener. Instead I found a genial conversationalist with a frank and open countenance and brimful of humour. I had expected to find a diehard reactionary of the old school. Instead I found a man with moderate views, whose political opinions might be endorsed by every English Radical, full of sympathy for England even although he is not able to speak the English language. "I have been a hard-worked soldier all my life," he said regretfully, "and I have not had any opportunity to devote myself to linguistic studies."

In the course of my interview with His Imperial Highness, which took place in the presence of his

aide-de-camp and lasted over two hours, we discussed in detail every aspect of the Russian problem. His Imperial Highness stated his views without any reticence or reservation on every controversial question. Remembering the difficult and delicate position in which the Grand Duke Nicholas finds himself, I should consider it an indiscretion and an impertinence to reveal what was said to me in private conversation. But I am committing no breach of confidence, and I am only confirming the declarations which the Grand Duke made last summer to a representative of the American Telegraph Agency, if I seize this opportunity of removing one or two misapprehensions which are still entertained even by well-informed Russians.

His Imperial Highness refuses to be called a "Pretender," a "Claimant," to the throne of his ancestors. Under the circumstances, strictly speaking there can be no question of any Pretender or Claimant. Any claim which any member of the Romanov Dynasty might urge must be ultimately settled and confirmed by the voice of the Russian people. The future Tsar of All the Russias must be elected by popular acclamation, even as the first Romanov under very similar conjunctures was elected by the Russian people after the "Smutnoe Vremia" or troubled times three hundred years ago.

Nor is it true that His Imperial Highness would consent to be described as the Leader of the Monarchist Party. The Grand Duke Nicholas claims to stand above all parties. The tyrants who for seven years have held the Russian people under the yoke can only be removed if all the Russian parties present a united front against the common enemy of the Russian people and of the human race.

With regard to the future policy of Russia, His Imperial Highness is convinced that no ruler of Russia can ignore the catastrophic events and changes which have taken place since 1917. The future policy of the restored Monarchy can only be a policy of peace and forgiveness, of conciliation and reconstruction. No ruler can dream of any policy except one which will heal the wounds of the last seven years. Merely to return to the old

conditions, as if no World War and no Revolution had happened, would be inconceivable to any sane statesmanship. The peasants shall not be disturbed in the possession of their land. The various nationalities shall not be disturbed in the possession of their political liberties. What form the autonomy of the various nationalities will take must be decided by the Russian people themselves. They will certainly be given every chance to develop their national aspirations within the Russian Federal Commonwealth.

Nor will the restoration of the Monarchy mean a return to absolutism. Rather will it mean the Reign of Law. The Grand Duke Nicholas has himself suffered too much from Court intrigues ever to be inclined to countenance arbitrary rule. And the Russian people have suffered too much from the lawlessness of the Bolshevists not to demand constitutional guarantees.

Whatever we may think of the political programme which has been expounded without any reticence by the Grand Duke Nicholas in his recent utterance, there can be no doubt that around his person are centred to-day all the hopes of the Russians. Ex-President Millerand, with whom I had also the honour of a conversation a few days after my meeting with the Grand Duke, discussing with me the Russian situation, made the remark that he did not know what to think about Russia, because the Russians whom he had met seemed to be so hopelessly divided. In answer to that remark I can only say that my experience has been quite the reverse, and it has been considerably wider than that of Monsieur Millerand. I actually found far more agreement on fundamental questions among Russians than amongst Frenchmen. And on no single point are the Russians more united than on the personality of the Grand Duke Nicholas. One might have expected that the recent untimely manifesto of the Grand Duke Cyril, proclaiming himself Tsar of All the Russias, would have divided the monarchist forces amongst the three millions of Russian refugees. I found, however, that the vast majority amongst the refugees continue, notwithstanding the manifesto, to pin their faith on the ex-Commander. Ninety-five per cent. of the officers and

soldiers—and there are hundred of thousands scattered all over the Continent—recognise him as their leader and declare their readiness to obey his orders. His prestige remains undiminished. Even confirmed republicans pay homage to his tact, his dignity and self-restraint, to his patriotism and disinterestedness. It is true that he does not come next in the line of succession. But the line of succession has been broken by a catastrophe without a parallel in human history. Nor is this a time for formal technicalities. *Salus populi suprema lex.* To save the Russian people from their oppressors is in the meantime the one practical consideration, and the Russian people will only rally round the brave, wise and honest leader who declares himself ready to step into the breach, whose character and whose past are without reproach, whose shoulders are strong enough to assume the heavy burden of empire. It is self-evident that the question of the future form of government, and of the selection of the man who shall be chosen to take the reins of power, cannot be a question of abstract principle. It is a question of fundamental realities and necessities.

And those realities only point to two alternatives: either the Russian people, once the Soviet Dictators are overthrown, will continue to fight amongst themselves, in which case they will still have to go through many more years of anarchy, or they will establish a strong Government, that is to say a Government strong enough and bold enough to control the centrifugal forces, united enough and stable enough to carry out a far-reaching constructive policy. And the establishment of such a Government precludes any dream of a parliamentary party Government. It equally excludes the nightmare of contending generals representing opposing parties. The installation of a strong and stable Government, therefore, simply, logically, inevitably, implies the restoration of the Monarchy.

Many readers may not like the idea of a return to Tsarism, even if the Tsarism be constitutional. But there is no such thing as an ideal form of government which is absolutely the best under any conditions and at any time. A form of government which is suitable for one nation may be most unsuitable for another nation. A party Government

may be the best possible form of government for the British people. But it has not been considered the best for the American people, who have rejected the parliamentary system, and who prefer the presidential system, with a strong executive and with a separation of the executive from legislative powers.

Moreover, dismissing the abstractions of the dogmatist and the *doctrinaire*, we are faced, so far as present Russia is concerned, with one universal law of history. Whenever a State has been shaken to its foundations, wherever it contains within itself disruptive forces which threaten continued anarchy, the people, prompted by an instinct of conservatism, have resorted, in all ages and in all countries, to some monarchical form of government. So it was after the last revolutions of the Roman Republic. So it was in England after the Civil War. So it was in France after the religious wars of the Reformation and after the terrorism of the Revolution in 1799 and in 1848. There has been so far no exception to this law in all human history. Therefore it would be strange indeed if this law were to be violated to-morrow in the case of the Russian people, who have never known anything but monarchic institutions, who possess none of the conditions which make party government possible, and who, more than any people known to history, require a firm hand with an inflexible determination to evolve order out of chaos.

A subsequent article to appear in the April number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW *will examine the objections and difficulties in the way of a restoration of the Russian Monarchy; dispose of the widely prevailing misconception that Tsarism was finally repudiated by the Russian people in* 1917; *refute the generally prevalent misconception that Tsarism has been condemned by the unanimous verdict of history; examine the systematic conspiracy of lies which explains those misconceptions, and present a truer and juster view; reveal the real character and the deeper causes of the revolution of* 1917; *prove that the Tsars have been the Master Builders of the Russian Commonwealth, and that they have been essentially democratic and national rulers, progressive and enlightened at home, as well as peacemakers abroad.*

The New Spain: King Alfonso and Primo De Rivera

By Luis A. Bolin

THE *coup d'état* that resulted in the Military Directory which now rules Spain under General Primo de Rivera, occurred on September 13th, 1923. I was in San Sebastian at the time, but returned to England before the trend of affairs adopted any definite shape, and did not travel south again until October of the following year. I then found that the changes which had taken place during the interval far exceeded anything that could be imagined from abroad. The impatience shown by some with regard to Spanish matters may be due to the fact that national character and temperament have not undergone a transformation which, to say the least, is yet unlikely for a generation or so; but, apart from this, the influence of the Directory is visible to all except the blind. At every turning one hears the words: "That was possible before, but now. . . ." *That* might mean introducing tobacco or spirits without paying Customs duties; or gambling in every club, casino, or café, or in any of the numberless dens which existed all over the country for that purpose; or wangling a cushy job at the expense of the State; or being exempted from the more tedious obligations of military service, thanks to the kind word of a friend or relation; or getting shot in the streets of Barcelona or Bilbao, or any other great city, simply because one had hesitated to treble certain wages or to contribute to the funds of the syndicate created with the object of murdering employers; or publishing any kind of filthy literature and selling it at a convenient distance from schools and universities; or going on strike —big strikes, general strikes—in order to advance a step in the path of revolution; or holding up banks and securing immunity from justice, thanks to the passivity of terrorised juries; or reading endless accounts of eloquent but fruit-

less Parliamentary debates, generally devoted to the ventilation of personal animosities between members. *That*, as may be seen, was not exactly anything that could be termed either nice or useful; but though the interval has been short, barely more than a year in all, the scene has changed, and Spain has been rid of a considerable proportion of the vices and weaknesses which weighed heavily upon her during so many years.

This may explain why a man of the type of Blasco Ibañez, whose intention of visiting Leningrad is reported in the Press, should have persuaded himself to launch, from a comfortable retreat in the Riviera, an attack against King Alfonso and the Marqués de Estella meant to produce an upheaval in his own favour, but which has only succeeded in provoking the greatest outburst of loyalty and patriotic feeling that Spain has ever witnessed. It was not my fortune to be present at the imposing demonstrations which have marked the recent celebration of King Alfonso's saint day and the return from Morocco of General Primo de Rivera, but the reaction against Ibañez had already set in before I left Spain, and it was clear that the celebrated novelist had good cause to prefer the sun of the Côte d'Azur to the warmer atmosphere of his native land. The Spanish people are, apart from extreme elements, intensely devoted to their King; they know only too well that it is a long time since there was at the head of the nation a sovereign with the high virtues and statesmanship of Don Alfonso, who has kept such close contact with his subjects in all walks of life that no refutation of a libel is needed in order to establish him in their affections and to close the ranks of his people around him. The whole country has rallied to him spontaneously on every occasion when there has been an attempt against his life or his good name.

A little pamphlet, full of baseless accusations, will never be enough to sterilise the loyalty of the Spanish towards their King. Recent years have shown that Communism and revolution are not much to the liking of Spaniards, and though some of them may have been duped for a moment by plausible charlatans who afterwards fell into discredit, it was evident that any effort of this kind was doomed to failure if undertaken by a man like Ibañez,

who, known out of Spain as a "best-seller" of vivid colouring and imagination, enjoys in his country, and in the South American nations where he has lived, a more varied and less desirable reputation. Valencia, his native land, knows the writer through and through; the same may be said of Mexico and the Argentine Republic. Ibañez's little pamphlet is the result of his colossal vanity, so often disappointed in the political field; a swollen head which, perhaps at loss for a suitable plot, conjured up a vision of its owner as the leader of a Spanish revolution. And the accession to power of the Military Directory removed this vision from the scope of practical politics, substituting for it a quadruple advance on the path of regeneration and reform which Ibañez's troubled mind may have likened to the fearful onslaught of the four horsemen of the Apocalypse.

General Primo de Rivera has recently spoken of the four reasons which seventeen months ago led him to seize power in order to attempt the salvation of Spain. These reasons, though known, are well worth repeating. They were, firstly, the existence in Catalonia of a separatist movement, rapidly extending to other regions and constituting a grave menace to the unity which is essential to Spain as a nation. Secondly, the growth of revolutionary syndicalism, the power and importance of which could hardly be imagined by persons unacquainted with the reality of the peril. Thirdly, a dangerous economic situation, which had brought the country within sight of ruin. And, lastly, the state of the Moroccan problem, vital to the nation, as tough and thorny a question as any which may have confronted civilised peoples in their attempt to establish peace among savage tribes.

It is unnecessary to say that the gravity of these different matters had increased, owing partly to general conditions resulting from the war, and partly to years of mismanagement and unstable government. In the most important of his recent speeches, General Primo de Rivera stated, with his usual frankness and sincerity, that the Directory had not yet found the necessary and complete solution for any of these problems. He did not add what every honest and clear-thinking Spaniard knows by now, that the movement which he led in September, 1923, saved

the country from a certain catastrophe. The reasons which justified his *coup d'état* have not disappeared, but the position has been cleared to such an extent that were it not for a part, and not the worst part, of the nation—deadweight that once roused might exert its influence to such useful ends—Spain could now be as near to the final solution of her vital problems as she was in 1923 to the chaos from which the Directory saved her.

Catalan separatism still exists, and may perhaps exist for some years. It has been affirmed that General Primo de Rivera's attempts to subdue it attained a contrary effect; the fact is that many separatists believed at first that the Directory would be an instrument favourable to their ends, and that when they discovered how far they were from the truth they were bitterly disappointed, and a natural reaction set in, which is now dwindling down. As the Marqués de Estella stated recently at Barcelona, the Directory cannot oppose Catalan language and Catalan customs; it only condemns that purely separatist movement, as distinguished from natural regionalist sentiments, which tends to exclude everything Spanish in favour of all that is exclusively Catalan. General Primo de Rivera was undoubtedly right when he affirmed that Spanish public officials had to be Spanish, and that he was prepared to expel from their profession anyone, whether soldier, writer or priest, discovered working against the unity of Spain; had previous Governments shown equal firmness, the country would have been spared the shame of paying employees who worked against its very life. Separatism is strong in Catalonia, although it has never reached the strength of the corresponding feeling in Ireland; it cannot be stamped out in a day, for the most important work has to be left in the hands of the schoolmasters. But the Directory is following a policy which may alter that sentiment within a reasonable period of time.

The present Government have put an end to the outrages of revolutionary syndicalism, and for this they deserve the lasting gratitude of the nation, especially of Catalonia and Barcelona. The extent to which syndicalism flourished in the latter city during the years immediately preceding the Directory has yet to be fully disclosed, and the facts that over five hundred employers

lost their lives at the hands of terrorist gangs, and that there was a period of thirty-six hours in which no fewer than twenty-one murders were committed, are but indications of a state of affairs rapidly spreading over the country, which nobody, excepting General Martinez Anido, who forms part of the present Government, was able to cope with. The Directory put an immediate end to this form of terrorism, the causes, development and extinction of which would need a book to explain. The main point of interest is that, as one of the most prominent men in the City of London, with large interests in Catalonia, stated to me the other day, it was before impossible to enjoy industrial peace during more than three months, whereas now peace has reigned for an uninterrupted period of nearly a year and a half, starting from the day on which General Primo de Rivera took command of the situation. It is not strange, therefore, that the population of Barcelona should have just welcomed him with unbounded enthusiasm, and it is noticeable that not one unpleasant event marred the magnificent demonstrations of loyalty to the Throne, to the unity of Spain and to the leader of the Directory; coinciding with General Primo de Rivera's visit to the capital of Catalonia.

In barely fifteen months the Directory has succeeded in reducing the national Budget deficit from one thousand million to six hundred million pesetas, and has announced that in a short time the figure will probably not reach the five hundred million mark. The revenue has been simultaneously increased by sixty million pesetas. Once the Moroccan problem has been brought down to reasonable proportions, it is likely that expenditure and revenue will reach a common level. In the meantime it is important to notice that every issue of Treasury Bonds is subscribed in Spain itself six and ten times. These facts are of enormous significance to Spain, as they place her within sight of carrying out a wide programme of a constructive character in the field of national education and public works.

General Primo de Rivera has reminded Spain that when she undertook her international obligations in Morocco she did not give due consideration to the magnitude of the task, the means at her disposal and the state

of the country at the moment. Nor did she realise sufficiently the importance of Tangier, which remained as an "enclave" within her zone of the Protectorate, and which, notwithstanding the loyalty and courtesy of the nations sharing with Spain the burdens of an international *régime*, has always been an obstruction to the natural development of her policy in the territories not yet pacified. In spite of these disadvantages, the Directory is determined to create in Morocco a firm and stable situation, and to reduce the problem within limits encompassed by Spanish resources and economic possibilities. I was in Morocco a short time ago, and had several opportunities of interviewing General Primo de Rivera and the officers of his staff; I witnessed several phases of the retreat, and was continually in touch with the Army and with civilian residents of great experience in the zone. I returned from my visit fully confident that the plans of the Commander-in-Chief, founded as they are on a thorough knowledge of the problem and on the magnificent spirit and efficiency of the Army at his disposal, are bound to effect a radical transformation of that problem, in a manner wholly acceptable to Spain and in complete accordance with the international agreements which throughout her intervention in the zone she has so punctiliously observed.

This rapid survey of the true state of Spanish affairs may perhaps help to explain why a man of such extreme views as Blasco Ibañez should have deemed it necessary to carry out, abroad as well as in his own country, a campaign of defamation against King Alfonso and General Primo de Rivera, the two men to whom Spain owes its salvation. Ibañez has affirmed in one page of his pamphlet that "the generals (of the Directory) are mere figure-heads"; that they "are the rigging. The hull is the King." In a latter page he asserts that the Directory "throws its tentacles round the King and holds him fast, dragging him to his ruin. Alfonso XIII is now a captive of Primo de Rivera," etc. Besides being contradictory, both statements are false. It may now be useful to reveal an historical fact hitherto unpublished, but which can help to define the true relations between the King and the Directory. When General Primo de Rivera took the reins of the Government in his hands King Alfonso resisted the

attempt, as he was bound to do by the Constitution; but the Marqués de Estella found the means to inform His Majesty that he was fully determined to carry out his plans for the salvation of Spain, and that if the situation was accepted he hoped to achieve his purpose without any bloodshed throughout the nation; but that, on the other hand, if the nation were divided, there arose the possibility of serious trouble, as he was not prepared to desist from his attempt. The King bowed to the inevitable, and the country, by rallying round its sovereign, proved once again its loyalty to the Crown, and that good sense which is proverbial of the Spanish nation.

General Primo de Rivera could not have given a greater proof of patriotism than by taking the full responsibility for his action, showing the full measure of his determination and exempting the King from any possibility of discussion as to his complicity in the movement. King Alfonso, on his side, adopted a decision which undoubtedly saved the country from the risk of civil war, and since then has played his part with the dignity, the independence and the liberal spirit which are characteristic of his whole reign. The declarations of M. Briand, and a recent article by M. Poincaré, whose patriotic feelings no Englishman can have reason to doubt, remove all possible grounds for other charges made against the King of Spain by Ibañez. The loyalty of the Spanish nation to its sovereign, and the work accomplished by the Directory and General Primo de Rivera, are the surest indication of conditions in Spain, and the only possible answer to those who attempt to libel its rulers in the eyes of foreign countries.

France under Herriot

By Politicus

It was inevitable that France, heroic and sacrificial France, still bleeding from her war wounds, should be confronted with problems differing in character from those with which her Allies in the struggle are grappling. It was inevitable, also, that if these problems had to be solved, if France had to become something like her old self again, further sacrifices should be borne. The nation which lost fifteen hundred thousand men in the holocaust, which had ten of its most fruitful departments destroyed, set to work courageously to repair the ruins of war, spurred on by that *union sacrée* which sustained its morale during the four and a half years of fighting. And it would have won through by the spirit of sacrifice but for the politicians.

To-day the politicians have turned France into a cockpit. The country is in process of being rent by the rival political factions. It was not so before the advent of the Herriot Government. In M. Poincaré's time there was only one thing that really mattered—to make Germany pay for the wrong she had done. It was argued that with the problem of reparations solved, the terrible financial situation of France would become adjusted, the value of the franc would increase, and, as a natural corollary, the cost of living would come down. But before the depreciation of the franc could be arrested, heroic measures had to be taken, other sacrifices had to be borne. There had to be increased taxation and economies had to be effected.

This was the advice given to France by American and English bankers anxious to go to the rescue of the franc. It was accepted by M. Poincaré, with the result that the pound sterling, which at one time reached 120 francs, came down to 67. Unfortunately for the Poincaré Government, the decision to adopt this bold policy was taken just before the elections. The Cartel des Gauches, the unholy alliance of Radicals and Socialists, made this policy an election cry. Led by M. Herriot, this party, determined to sweep the country, promised the electors an elysium. It was taken at its word.

FRANCE UNDER HERRIOT

And now we have to consider how France has fared under M. Herriot. It is beyond the shadow of doubt that the country is in a worse plight under him than it was under M. Poincaré. He has been in power nine months, and many Frenchmen, attracted by the mirage of cheaper living and decreased taxation, are asking: What has he done? Simply this: he has fulfilled promises that were perfectly easy to fulfil, but whether he has done right in fulfilling them is another matter. He has recognised the Government of the Soviets; he has passed an amnesty measure, thereby liberating persons from prison who, in the opinion of many of his countrymen, should have served their sentences, and he has withdrawn the French Ambassador from the Vatican. This is the sum total of M. Herriot's achievement.

The French Premier is a Radical, but he is none the less an idealist. He glories in his idealism. He has an international mind, and in this manifestation of political thought there is little to choose between him and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He came into office dreaming dreams of appeasement among the nations, and he believed, quite sincerely, that he and his *cher ami*, Mr. MacDonald, were the two men destined to rid Europe of its troubles. It was in order that his dream of appeasement should be realised that he exercised the spirit of conciliation to the utmost in drawing up the London Protocol for the application of the Dawes Plan, an arrangement to which there is increasing opposition in France, for now that it has been carefully studied in connection with the decisions of the Financial Conference in Paris, many Frenchmen believe that their Premier has consented to a whittling down of the just claims of their country. Criticism is also levelled against him because of the hurry he showed in recognising the Government of the Soviets. There, again, he gave evidence of a disposition not only to accommodate Mr. MacDonald, but to assist him in his fight at the last election. It has to be said that few Frenchmen, with the exception of M. Herriot's immediate supporters, Socialists and Communists, expect that any good will eventuate from the Russian policy that the Government has thought fit to adopt, and there are prophecies that, sooner or later, the British point of view, as to how the Soviets should be handled, will be adopted.

The most serious thing that M. Herriot has done, in the opinion of a large section of Frenchmen, has been to suppress the French Ambassador at the Vatican. The consequences of this step cannot be foreseen, but unless something is contrived to placate the Catholics there may be trouble. The war and the part played by Catholics in it, whether in the trenches or in the rear, had served to produce better relations between their Church and the State. There was no doubt whatever about the services they had rendered to the country. Everybody in France, save bigoted anti-Clericals and notably the atheistical Freemasons of the Grand Orient, which is virtually a political organisation, was in favour of a more tolerant spirit towards the Catholics. When he was Premier in 1921 M. Briand realised that this spirit of tolerance should take concrete shape, and he had the courage to resume diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

The foreign student of French politics living in France sees no reason why the harmonious adjustment established by M. Briand should have been changed, and if he is a fair-minded observer he is forced to the conclusion that M. Herriot, who, after all, is a generous-minded man, has been compelled to adopt this anti-Vatican policy at the behest of the freethinkers who form his majority. The Premier now knows that a very considerable and powerful element of the population is in revolt against him. Led by their bishops and priests, the Catholics of France are resolved to preserve their faith even if necessary by recourse to force. At no time during the agitation for the separation of Church from State, and the application by M. Emile Combes of the laws for the dispersal of the congregations, was the zeal of French Catholics more pronounced than now. There is an ugly spirit abroad, and M. Herriot is conscious of it. Appeasement, forsooth! It is all very well for him to seek to appease the Germans and the Russian Bolsheviks, but many moderate and far-seeing Frenchmen consider that it should be the first duty of a Premier to see to it that there is appeasement at home first of all.

No French Premier during the war has had so heavy a task as that which lies before M. Herriot. No chief of Government has had to fight so stubbornly.

The Premier himself created the task by reason of his election promises, and the fight he has to put up without intermission is the result. In reality he has been engaged on an election campaign during the last nine months, striving, very courageously it must be admitted, to justify his unfulfilled election pledges. The Bloc National, the Parliamentary majority in the last Chamber, was held to be responsible for the high cost of living. What is the actual situation of France under M. Herriot? Living is much higher to-day than it was under the Poincaré *régime*, and prices are still soaring; the pound oscillates towards one hundred francs at the time of writing, whereas it was under 70 a year ago; similarly Government bonds have fallen many points since M. Herriot's advent to power. The loss in a few weeks has been put at 20 milliards.

The whole situation is uncertain. The Premier is doing his best to improve matters. No Premier, not even M. Poincaré, has laboured more unselfishly. Let it be said that he has sacrificed his health in the interests of the country. Unmindful of pain which laid him low, he persisted in working against the advice of his doctors. M. Herriot gave evidence of a sick-bed heroism which must ever redound to his credit and honour. He is, however, a disillusioned man. He entered upon his task full of courage and zest, and now he realises that his high expectations have been falsified by the march of events. Not even his own party, though bitterly opposed to M. Poincaré and the Bloc National, manifested the same hostility as the present Opposition, in the Chamber and in the country, is displaying towards him and his policy.

It is true that this Opposition made itself felt from the first. M. Herriot was never forgiven for allowing the Cartel des Gauches to drive M. Millerand from the Elysée. To many Frenchmen this seemed merely an act of political hatred, a manifestation of revenge dictated by the Socialists against a man who had forsworn his Socialistic faith. It was natural that the ex-President should enter the lists against the man who brought him down. We shall hear a great deal about M. Millerand and his National Republican League in the future. This league, a nationalist and patriotic organisation, has been

encouraged to action by what has taken place in other countries, where changes of government have been effected.

It is precisely these changes which have assisted to bring about the disillusionment of M. Herriot. It was a blow to him when the British electors put in a Government of the Right. For him this meant that England had had enough of men who were attached to internationalist ideals, that she was bent on working out her destiny on national lines; whereas he himself, a Radical with, however, a Socialist outlook, had counted on a co-operation in keeping with the complexion of his Parliamentary majority. But other blows, not less reeling, were to follow. M. Herriot is a great talker, and at the beginning of his Premiership he talked a great deal about his democratic faith. His mental gaze was fixed on America during the election campaign, and lo! America voted Right. The result of the German elections, too, disappointed him. He had counted on a swing to the Left, and had dreams of working with the German Socialists in realising the peace of Europe; and now he finds that it is the Nationalists sworn to upset the Peace Treaty, to restore the monarchy, and to prepare for a war of revenge, who occupy prominent positions in the new Government.

One must feel a little sympathy for the French Premier, a victim of his idealism. He has striven to do well for France, but he is too heavily handicapped. Let the fact be bluntly stated: his political soul is not his own. How can he have political freedom when he finds himself a prisoner of 105 Socialists in the Chamber? To all intents and purposes France has a Socialist Government at the present moment. The Socialists, members of the Workmen's International, be it remembered, virtually control the destinies of the country. Let them withdraw their support from M. Herriot and he would assuredly fall. Depend upon it, a price is put on this support, and if he wishes to remain in office M. Herriot must pay it. So he is content to be the prisoner of the Socialists, who have the power to govern without undertaking the responsibility of government.

It is an anomalous situation and uncomfortably embarrassing for M. Herriot, who must admit that the alliance of his party with the Socialists is not without

serious inconveniences. This famous Cartel des Gauches was to have done great things for France. It promised a political millennium. It sowed promises lavishly. It raised beautiful hopes in the breasts of the electors. Now France has grave doubts as to what the harvest will be under M. Herriot, and there are increasing indications of a desire to change the seed.

It will not be changed without the Cartel des Gauches putting up a big fight to remain in office. After the Socialists' congress at Genoble he can be sure of his majority, but he cannot be certain of retaining the confidence of the country. M. Herriot inherited a financial mess. The position is now infinitely worse. During the present year something like 23 milliard francs fall due for repayment, and the Government may find it necessary to have recourse to those heroic measures which M. Poincaré had the courage to adopt, and which the Radicals and Socialists decried.

The present portents are that the whirligig of time will bring in its revenges. Not only the Bloc National, the majority in the last Parliament, but clear-headed Frenchmen who hold no store by political parties, are amazed at some of the things the Herriot Government has done. It was seemingly the intention to get rid of all those occupying high positions whom the Bloc des Gauches considered were not in sympathy with its policy. Comte Saint Aulaire was replaced at the French Embassy in London; M. Jusserand had to leave the French Embassy at Washington; and that great soldier and administrator, General Weygand, had to quit his post as High Commissioner in Syria in favour of General Sarrail, a politician after the heart of M. Herriot.

But there were some things that the Bloc des Gauches could not do. It could not make M. Painlevé President of the Republic or get rid of M. de Selves as President of the Senate. M. Herriot's difficulty is in trying to strike the patriotic note and pleasing the Socialists at the same time. And he is beginning to discover that this is impossible.

Ulster's Contribution to the Empire

By The Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., P.C.
Minister of Education, Government of Northern Ireland.

THE history of Ulster has been part and parcel of the epic story of the British Empire for over 750 years—that is, ever since Henry II added Ireland to his extensive Angevin dominions. From the days of that far-away October in 1172, when Henry made his progress through Ireland, and received homage from the native chieftains for their kingdoms, and from his Norman vassals for their recently acquired Irish fiefs, the fortunes of Ireland have been linked with those of England in the person of a common Sovereign.

It is not often remembered that England and Ireland were so united nearly a hundred years before England and Wales were united, and over 400 years before James VI of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth on the English throne as James I, and thus closed peaceably the long history of war between the kingdoms of England and Scotland.

Please do not let me be misunderstood to suggest that under Henry II the Government of Ireland was stable, or that the overlordship of the Anglo-Norman King and the presence of his invading barons were always accepted and everywhere recognised. But it is an historical fact that from Henry's day the King of England was the acknowledged overlord of Ireland throughout Christendom, and that the process of union between the two countries continued from his time. In the time of Edward I we meet with Irish students at the rising University of Oxford, and the first Irish Parliament met in Dublin in 1297 at the summons of Wogan, Edward's Justiciar.

It is true that Henry VIII was the first King of England formally to assume the title of King of Ireland; but this, in fact, gave him no new status in Ireland. To quote Stephen Gwynn's *History of Ireland*, Henry thus "repudiated that old pretence that the King of England was

lord of Ireland by a sort of feudal grant from the Pope. The Irish chiefs and princes had no doubt always considered the English King's claim as resting on his command of force. If they had been willing to accept his supremacy, it was assuredly from no devotion to the Pope, but from a sense that a strong overlord might bring peace and settlement."

To-day, therefore, Ulster justly claims, with England, Scotland and Wales, to be one of the foundation members of that great union of peoples which forms the present British Empire—to be, in fact, part of the Mother Country to which the Dominions look as home. For Ulster that is a privilege to which she clings with pride and for which she is willing, with the rest of the Mother Country, to make great sacrifices.

There are men and women in every corner of the Empire to whom "Home and the Old Country" means the hills and valleys of Ulster—that and nothing else. Two years ago the whole Empire mourned the loss of a great Ulsterman, a Prime Minister who loved Ulster with a son's devotion, whose forefathers sleep in the quiet cemetery in Coleraine—Andrew Bonar Law. Last year another Prime Minister came home to Ulster—Massey, of New Zealand, one time pupil of the Limavady National School. And every year there is a stream of Ulster men and women from the distant places of the earth visiting the scenes of their own or their parents' childhood.

Irishmen have long memories, but to the Ulsterman the history of those 750 years of union—marked though some pages be (as what long record of history is not?) with stories of oppression, of suffering, and of wrongs—contains pages of splendour which recount how a British King saved his crown and the liberties of his people, if not of Europe, on the battlefields of Ulster; how Ulstermen have shared in the enterprises and adventures of their fellow-subjects across the narrow sea, have with them borne the burdens and reaped the triumphs of many a hard-fought campaign, and by their labours freely undertaken in fulfilment of a common destiny have won a just claim to be joined in the direction of the great Empire which they have helped to build.

As a result of his own deliberate choice between two

alternatives, neither of which he sought because he was satisfied with the union, the Ulsterman now holds a unique position in the Empire. As a measure of federalism within the United Kingdom, Ulster has a Parliament of her own which is competent to deal with her purely local problems; but she is still part of the Mother Country, she still sends her representatives to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, and with England, Scotland and Wales still makes the corresponding financial sacrifices which the privilege of holding and directing an empire and the destinies of a quarter of the population of the world entails. She is one with Great Britain, one in history, and one in ambition and ideals, heart and soul with her as part of that industrious people whose energy and enterprise have conquered a world-wide Empire and held it by the gift of liberty and free institutions.

If you would truly understand the story of Ulster you must recognise the abiding spirit of her people, and by the light thus gained, may be grasped the unity of her purpose throughout the history of her relations with successive British Governments. She has struggled constantly, not to sever the links that join her with Great Britain and to stand alone, but to assert her equal right to share with the people of Great Britain the advantages as well as the burdens of union.

What, then, has been Ulster's contribution to the Empire in the past, and what is it to-day? First, what has been her gift to the spirit of British citizenship? I believe that the Ulsterman, with his ceaseless and unchanging claim for individual liberty and free institutions, has done much to inspire the policy whence has been evolved the system under which the British Empire, so diverse in its elements, is unified and organised under the King-Emperor in the defence of a flag which stands for freedom and progress wherever it flies. This spirit seems to be rooted in the very soil of Ulster and to permeate its very atmosphere.

Far back in the early history of the relations between the Anglo-Norman kings and the Irish princes, we find the prince of Ulster claiming from his overlord the liberties of his people as the price of his fealty. In the days of Elizabeth Hugh O'Neill resisted his lawful Sovereign, at whose court he had been educated, in the same cause.

Later still in British history, it was at the hands of colonists, many of whom were Ulstermen, that the British Government learned the bitter, but salutary, lesson of the War of American Independence, the lesson that freedom and individual liberty can alone be the basis of a lasting empire. Whitelaw Reid says of the Declaration of Independence :—"We guard it now sacredly preserved in the handwriting of the Ulster Scot who was the Secretary of the Congress; it was first publicly read to the people by an Ulster Scot and first printed by a third Ulster Scot."

The British Empire of to-day is instinct with the spirit which breathed from those early Ulster colonists, who, seeking to find abroad a freedom denied at home, founded a new State in resistance to their old oppressors, and changed for ever the relations within the British Empire of the Mother Country with her sons in the Dominions.

I find that to be no small contribution towards the establishment of that spirit of liberty and toleration by which the Empire lives and expands to this day.

Second, what has been her contribution to the material wealth of the Empire? Are her natural resources developed, and what are her industries? I do not think that for industry and energy Ulster need fear comparison with any other people in the world.

She is a land of smallholders. Sixty per cent. of her people are employed in agricultural pursuits; and of her 3,300,000 acres, 2,700,000 are under the plough or under grass, divided into 130,000 agricultural holdings. The export of crops, of live stock, and of dairy produce from her ports is already of enormous value; and it is the aim of the Ministry of Agriculture to foster the industry by the application of science to agriculture and stockbreeding, and by the encouragement of modern methods for the marketing of produce.

Agriculture is but one side of Ulster's activities. She is also the centre of the flax-spinning industry, and a very high proportion of the supplies of fine linen and linen thread throughout the world comes from her looms and spindles. During the Great War she turned her machinery to the weaving of other materials than household linen, and Field-Marshal Lord French justly said in praise of the great linen industry that "the war in the air was won on Belfast wings."

Not many years ago, as we count time in history, the river Lagan was a small and comparatively unimportant stream; but the genius and enterprise of Ulstermen have made it the useful servant of their industry, and on its banks are now situated the busy quays of the great port of Belfast and the vast shipbuilding yards of the Queen's Island. With no great deposits of coal or iron ore at their hand, with no extensive forests at their command, the genius of Ulster's captains of industry and the skill and energy of her workmen have enabled her to build ships in competition with the world. For this wonderful achievement, for her leading place among the world's centres of shipbuilding, Ulster owes more to the genius of Lord Pirrie, whose loss the Empire still mourns, than to any other man. Side by side with shipbuilding has grown the kindred industry of rope-making. The Belfast Ropeworks are, perhaps, the greatest in the world.

This is not the occasion, nor have I the time, to speak in detail of the other great industries of Ulster. There is the tobacco industry, the distilling industry, the mineral water industry, the engineering industry, the biscuit industry, the woollen industry, the chemical industry, the motor industry, in each and all of which Ulster holds a leading place.

With few natural advantages, with a climate that is often unkind, the Ulsterman by his industry and pertinacity has made his corner of the United Kingdom as productive as any other, and has won for himself an equal right with the other peoples of the kingdom to control the destinies of the great Empire which, equally with them, it was his privilege to found and to whose wealth and welfare he has made so splendid a contribution.

Nor did Ulster shrink from playing her proper part in the defence of the Empire during the Great War. In addition to the many Ulstermen in the two Irish Divisions and to the multitude of her sons scattered throughout the various units from the Dominions, Ulster maintained her own Division on the Western Front in France. Of that Division John Buchan wrote:—"The splendid troops drawn from those Volunteers who had banded themselves together for another cause now shed their blood like water for the liberty of the world." And, at the close of the struggle, His Majesty the King said of them:—

"Throughout the long years of struggle, which have now so gloriously ended, the men of Ulster have proved how nobly they fight and die."

To the administrative direction of the Navy at the Admiralty, Ulster gave the splendid talents of her great leader, Sir Edward Carson; to the strategic direction of the Allied Armies on the Western Front, the intuition and genius of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson.

Indeed, Ulster may justly be said to be a cradle of great leaders of men. To the service of the Empire she has given Castlereagh, Canning, John Lawrence, Dufferin, Robert Hart, Bryce, Edward Carson, Bonar Law, and Massey, as statesmen; as military leaders, Kane, Gillespie, who died on the stricken field of Kalungar, rallying his men to the cry, "One more shot for the honour of Down," Nicholson, Henry Lawrence, who with his brother saved India in the days of the Mutiny, George White of Ladysmith, and Henry Wilson; as scientists, Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, Kelvin, Larmor, and Almroth Wright; as men of letters, Hazlitt, Mayne Reid, Bryce, and Dill; as captains of industry, Harland, Donald Currie, and Pirrie. From her blood have come no fewer than nine of the Presidents of that great Anglo-Saxon State on the far side of the Atlantic.

In her new capacity Ulster remains an asset to the Empire. Not a single penny does she spend that has not been won by the labour of her people; and, while she stands indissolubly united with Great Britain, she stands by her, not as a poor relation, but as a partner in the business of running a world-wide Empire, paying her own way, and gladly contributing her proper quota towards meeting the common liabilities.

Nor, I think, is her capacity for producing great men exhausted. Even now I have in mind one who is still with us at the helm, whose patient guidance through the past four years of storm and stress has proved him worthy to enter the ranks of the elect, the great men of the Empire—Ulster's first Prime Minister, James Craig:—

> **One who never turned his back, but march'd breast forward,**
> **Never doubted clouds would break,**
> **Never dream'd, though right were worsted,**
> **Wrong would triumph.**

Notes on American Education*

By H. W. Household

WHILE education in America is under State and not under Federal control, and there are still States which do not entirely conform to what has become the general standard, it may be truly said that America at large has a confident belief in the value of education, and will spend lavishly by private benefaction and public grant to provide it in ample measure for her youth. That is evident at once to any visitor who interests himself in the subject. He sees with envy everywhere the free high school, which fits squarely on to the top of the elementary school and does not overlap it, as does the secondary school (by no means free) of England; with envy, too, he sees the children of the people flocking to these schools in numbers quite impossible in England, with its inadequate accommodation and its relatively few free places. In a provincial town, in no way exceptionally progressive, 30 per cent. of the pupils attending the public schools will be in voluntary attendance at the high school. In England it is quite exceptional to find 10 per cent. That is the proportion in progressive Bradford. Liverpool, however, has only 5 per cent., Birmingham but 4 per cent. In some progressive States the law already requires full-time attendance at the high school up to the age of 16 as the general rule, and a recent observer, who travelled much more widely than the writer, has recorded his opinion "that American education is developing along lines which may lead before long, if the country can afford it, to full-time attendance at school for every child up to the age of eighteen."

In such a country, with such a foundation to build upon, it is perhaps only natural that universities and colleges of university rank, conferring their own degrees, should be very numerous and very large. And indeed they are. Their number and their size amaze an Englishman, and more than anything, perhaps, bring home to him the utter inferiority and inadequacy of our own provision. Is it

* Written after an educational lecture tour in the United States.

realised in England that in the city of New York there are three universities with nearly 53,000 students in attendance, one of them with nearly 15,000 free students, while London has but a single university and barely 9,000 students? In the big cities of the eastern States it is not uncommon to find one per cent. of the population in the universities. In England we should not find much more than one per cent. in secondary schools.

Every considerable city in America has its university; and colleges—good colleges—are almost as common as secondary schools here. And if the poor student cannot always obtain free tuition it is generally possible, and even easy, for him to pay his way by doing work of various kinds both in term time and vacation. No sort of social stigma attaches to poverty: an undergraduate who waits at meals and tends a furnace may be the leader of his year. You will find graduates in every rank in life, in every type of industry or business. A young building contractor will be a graduate; so will a commercial traveller, and he will sell boots and shoes in South America with much more success than our half-educated man. In New York or Philadelphia or Washington you will find young civil servants, railroad clerks, and even tramcar conductors—men by the thousand who are earning their living in all kinds of occupations—attending night courses at the universities with the object of obtaining a degree. Knowledge gives power. In America it is very easy for a man to rise. America sees to it that it shall be, for the man who rises makes more wealth for his country. America knows that it is so; we are incredulous. To the American, money spent on public education is profitably invested; the return is certain and great. We refuse to give our workers the liberal education that alone can enable them to form sound judgments, and then we visit them with ridicule or sharp denunciation because their foolish courses injure trade. We pay with a grumble for the little that we do give them, and with the falsest of false economy we cut down our grants and increase our school fees in order to effect a trumpery reduction in our national expenditure. If we would diminish our school fees, and even abolish them, we might see our way to increase our national income and bring our output per head nearer to that of the intelligent

and enormously industrious American, which was two and a half times as great as ours (£262 against £103) before the war.

Is it conceivable that we can concede these great educational advantages to a country whose material advantages so vastly excel our own? Can London afford to allow the university students of New York to exceed its own poor numbers in the ratio of six to one?

If the Englishman in America is humiliated, and even alarmed, to see a young and vigorous rival endowed with educational advantages so enormously superior to those enjoyed by his own country, he will probably take some comfort to himself in the reflection that for the present (it is only for the present) what he gives in his few institutions to the intellectual *élite* of the relatively few who go there is usually a good deal better than anything that the American gets. The best students of the best English universities and schools reach a much higher standard than is reached anywhere in America. But then we, in school and university, are always teaching to the able few and neglecting the average many, while America deliberately adopts the opposite course. She teaches to the average; the brilliant (so it is argued) can take care of themselves. And there is much to be said for this point of view, and not a little for the policy which introduces the student to a variety of subjects treated somewhat superficially rather than as in England to a few pursued more thoroughly. If the good honours man of an English university is without a rival in America, the American student probably derives more intellectual and cultural stimulus from his courses in psychology, astronomy, social science, public speaking, history, English, a language, a science, and so forth, than our passman derives from his. And the American university is very young. Oxford and Cambridge are the rich heirs of long tradition and ripe learning, but they are very small, and their leaven has too little influence on the lump. America knows quite well where her weakness lies, and improvement will be rapid.

It is not until he gets into the elementary schools of America that the Englishman feels that he can really claim for his country a definite superiority; and even there he is always uneasily conscious that, though his school is

generally the better, it is too often the only school that his children see, whereas the American children go forward in very much greater numbers to the high school and beyond.

The best American teachers are very good. There are many graduates in the elementary schools, and the teaching profession is not divided as it is here into separate sections. In America teachers, whether they are engaged in universities, in high schools, or in elementary schools, are conscious of the community of interest that binds them together, and there is no snobbery; in England they are conscious rather of the distinctions and divisions which tend to keep them apart, and snobbery is still rife. After visiting many schools in many towns, however, one gets the impression that education, and especially elementary education, suffers in America from being over-organised.

The teachers in the elementary schools of America have no such freedom as our teachers enjoy. They wish that they had, for they realise, as perhaps administrators do not, that freedom is a condition of progress; that uniformity too often means stagnation. The authorities appear to desire that the children, when they proceed at the age of fourteen from their several elementary schools to the high schools, shall all have covered the same ground in the same way, graduating (so the term is used) on a common plan. The course of study, the choice of books, even the arrangement of the time-table and the promotion of the children, will have been determined by the School Board. One is surprised to find in some districts that the parents have to buy the books, or some of them. As a consequence, there is a tendency to limit severely the number of books in use. The quality of the books is often poor, for the school reader is much more widely used in America than here. The administrative officers exercise an authority over teachers which our directors of education would not exercise, even if they could. The real initiative rests with them. As a consequence, the best teachers chafe at the restrictions under which they work, and the great majority lose all desire for independence, all capacity for initiative, and hug their chains.

The supply of fully qualified teachers appears to be utterly inadequate to the demand, and the small country

schools are said to be largely in the hands of very young women whose only qualification is that they have graduated at the high school.

It is curious that schools which suffer under disadvantages so serious should be able to teach us a valuable lesson in the handling of a foreign language. The Americans are great experimenters in education, particularly in their very progressive private schools, where the psychologist has a position and an influence undreamed of here. In this case, however, it was not psychologist or experiment, but sheer necessity that shaped their course. The elementary schools in the eastern States are full of foreigners. In New York 80 to 90 per cent. of the children are children of foreign immigrants, and when they are admitted most of them know no English. They have to learn it as a foreign language. Their own language they will never hear in school. More than twenty nationalities will very likely be represented there, so to teach through the native tongue is happily impossible. The foreign child must therefore learn English through English, and in two years he is speaking it better than our own children will commonly speak it here. He is taught the correct value of the vowels from the start, and he does not hear the language abused at home.

One could not help feeling that here was an object-lesson which teachers of foreign languages in our preparatory and public schools, and even in our universities, would do well to study. After all, there is only one sound reason for teaching a foreign language: it is that the learner should use it, should read it and speak it with ease. Accident has compelled America to teach English with very great efficiency in the elementary school. The examiner does not get in the way. It is the examiner, with his written examinations, who dominates and ruins our language teaching, frightening teachers off the direct method. That a boy reads and speaks freely counts for little or nothing with him. He does not see him. What the examiner demands is a book knowledge of language structure, which the boy may acquire without being able to speak at all, and which may be assessed in a study a hundred miles away. If we want our boys to read and speak French, and learn French history, we are generally

obliged to send them to France. Passing an examination is quite another matter. The preparatory school, the public school, know all about that, and will equip them for it. They will teach French pretty much as though it were Latin; and it distresses nobody, except here and there a parent, that the boy who has spent so much time on the language cannot either speak it or read it, though he may have passed with credit in the examination for the school-leaving certificate. The experience of America amply confirms the judgment of the French professor of languages, who said, " Il faut apprendre la grammaire par la langue, et non pas la langue par la grammaire."

But it was not a little surprising to find that though the foreign children in America learned to read and speak English so easily and well, they (and indeed native-born children also) were very slow to write it. The fault was not theirs. It has not occurred to School Boards or superintendents, or perhaps to teachers, that you can learn to write English as you learn to speak it, by just doing it; in fact, that if you can speak you can write, especially if you have been brought up on the Charlotte Mason method of oral narration. But in America it is still the official creed that you must parse, and analyse, and master the mysteries of punctuation before you can write more than a simple sentence; and the teaching of composition is therefore founded on the study of a fat book on the subject constructed on those lines.

It was interesting to notice that the American high school may, and often does, include courses which the rigid separation of the different departments of the Board of Education, with their different regulations and their independent grants, would exclude from our secondary schools. A trade school or a day technical school must in England be a separate institution in a separate building, and will be subject to entirely different regulations from the secondary schools. Yet there are many boys and girls in our secondary schools who would respond more readily to courses with a mechanical, artistic, industrial, or commercial bias, but who, because they have entered the secondary school, are tied thenceforth to the academic course.

The great size of the American schools no doubt makes this diversity of internal organisation more easy, and

perhaps more natural. It is not uncommon to find 3,000, 4,000, and even 5,000 pupils in a single school, elementary or secondary. The American admits that he attaches no great importance to the personal influence of the Principal upon the individual pupil. Of course, in these huge institutions he cannot know a tenth part of the pupils by sight, and must find it difficult to have a really personal knowledge of the whole of his staff. He is, first and foremost, an organiser. But have we not overdone the personal influence, and are we not slowly realising that what we want is more leisure and liberty to enable the boy to be himself?

America is an extraordinarily interesting country. Its attitude towards life is fresh and original. It is not impeded, as we are, by a multitude of obsolete traditions. Education is very widely spread. There is very little class consciousness. Parasites are few, because domestic servants of either sex are very difficult to get, and therefore living is simpler and a far larger proportion of the people are employed productively than here. There are almost no idle rich; there are no idle poor. All classes work hard; the hours are long and the pace is great. There is no timorous restriction of output. There is money everywhere and little unemployment, for work is abundant and wages are high. Trade unionism has made relatively little progress; individualism is recognised as the mainspring of successful industry. How long, one is forced to ask, can we hope to keep pace with a people whose advantages are so many and so great? It would be well if England could send out year by year to the United States groups of men and women, representative of all classes and interests, each to study the country and compare the life and ways of their own classes there with ours. If we could shake ourselves out of our old-world prejudices and our easy belief in the superiority of English ways to those of all the world; and if, further, we would spread education as freely and as widely among our people as it is spread in America, we might perchance in some measure renew our youth, and be enabled to keep step with that young and vigorous people whom each year we shall find more and more dangerous as rivals in the markets of the world.

British Sea Power by Permission

By Sir Herbert Russell

In order to understand why the Washington Agreement limiting naval armaments is in the highest degree unlikely to endure much longer, it is necessary to appreciate the real conditions which called it into existence. Faith in the sentimental sincerity of the United States had received a distinct jar from the contemptuous ease with which she rejected that benign conception of her President, the League of Nations. As though to give cynical point to the scuppering of Woodrow Wilson and his aspiration of perpetual peace, America plunged into the biggest programme of naval construction the world has ever seen. The General Board of the U.S. Navy prefaced its proposals by laying down the doctrine that "The Navy of the United States should ultimately be equal to that of the most powerful maintained by any other nation in the world," and that "it should gradually be increased to this point by such a rate of development, year by year, as may be permitted by the facilities of the country, but the limit above defined should be attained not later than 1925." Rear-Admiral Badger framed the stupendous programme. There is no need now further to indicate the proportions of it than by quoting the summary of Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary to the United States Navy, who reported to Congress: "We are building enormous docks and other needed shore facilities, and are constructing eighteen Dreadnoughts, with a dozen other powerful ships, which, in effective fighting power, will give our Navy world supremacy."

A war-weary world looked upon this tremendous militant outburst with dull astonishment. It could not understand the practical necessity for it at a period when the great sea Powers had been fought to exhaustion. It could not understand the moral justification for it, following so unchallenged upon President Wilson's beneficent ethics.

The only conclusion it could arrive at was that the whole thing meant a bumptious bid for the prestige of power at a time when no other nation was likely to try to rival the effort.

In point of fact there was another explanation. The United States had "got the wind up" rather badly over Japan. She fancied herself very near to war with that Power: probably she was very near to war; it came to her rulers with something of a shock that, although they had just "won the war" in Europe, they were inadequately prepared to tackle Japan single-handed. The pretext of mere ambition was largely eyewash. To the credit of the other great sea Powers let it be recorded that they preserved the dignity of silence regarding this spectacular mailed-fist outburst. Their newspapers published the details of the new programme. But of comment there was virtually none. It was really rather like beating the big drum to deaf ears. The fact is that those ears were still ringing with the echoes of real war, and not easily to be caught by the hollowness of meaningless heroics.

The common sense of the American people began to stir. They were not averse from the idea of being cock of the walk of the seven seas. But they wanted to know what was the hurry, and more particularly where the dollars were coming from for this fabulous undertaking. Then somebody asked a very pertinent question. It was all very well for the United States to heap up a gigantic Armada: how did she expect to man it? She was finding it more than merely difficult to keep up the man-power of her existent Navy. In fact, she was not keeping it up; most of the ships were under authorised strength. The "sea sense" of the old New England race has not permeated the present-day hybrid generation; the modern American "likes" the sea, but he does not go to sea.

President Harding perceived the beginnings of rather a costly fiasco. To arm a man with a bludgeon which he has not strength enough to lift is to court the ridicule of the onlookers. The dockyards were ringing with hammers and high wages. The rest of the world looked on singularly unimpressed by this sudden strenuous creation of a fleet without any obvious objective. The British Admiralty was reducing the Navy to the most economic

proportions consistent with its *rôle*. The Japanese Navy was placidly minding its own business. France and Italy were dismantling their big ships and laying them aside; sea-grass was beginning to grow upon their dockyard slips. Russia was putting her Imperial naval officers through holes in the ice, and with Germany down and out and Austria trying to discover herself on the map, there remained no naval Power worthy the name to reckon with.

In this situation President Harding saw his great opportunity. He might not only succeed in saving the face of his own country, but he might achieve lasting fame for a splendid gesture. The very fact that America was romping along the road to naval pre-eminence (in tonnage) strengthened his position. He could pose as the greatest sacrificer in the proposal he made. It is but just to his memory to add that he was never enthusiastic for the policy which he had to try to redeem, and that he was largely forced into the position from which he had to seek a way out.

Thus was the idea of the Washington Conference born. But for the incubus with which the United States found herself saddled, it is inconceivable that the experiment of suggesting another panacea for war to the world would have been attempted so soon after the League of Nations fiasco. This is not to deny sincerity and good purpose in the proposal when it was made. But it is necessary to a full appreciation of the Washington Agreement that the manner in which it came about should be realised.

The great naval Powers received President Harding's invitation to a conference with friendly amiability. In this country it was generally felt that the proposal really amounted to nothing more than a revival of Mr. Winston Churchill's pre-war scheme of a naval holiday. We were overburthened with warships, and could contemplate with equanimity the idea of taking a rest. Undoubtedly the British attitude influenced the other sea Powers. But be this as it may, the Washington Conference speedily became a *fait accompli*: Mr. Josephus Daniels ground his teeth, and President Harding smiled complacently.

The general principles upon which the conferring Powers reached agreement are a matter of common knowledge. It is, of course, always easy to be wise after the event, but the chief point of criticism against the

Conference seems to be that the technical experts left things rather too much to the politicians. Possibly they realised that they were no match for the professional talkers. Possibly, also, they were not impressed with a sense of the reality of such an unprecedented chapter in the world's naval history. America, as the sponsor, was disposed to be very acquiescent. First and foremost, she wished this second attempt at practical idealism to be a success. The inscrutable Japanese delegates sensed this at the outset.

The primary proposal met with no opposition. The value of the battleship was regarded in a more controversial spirit at that period than it is to-day, and the restrictions suggested in regard to future construction were accepted with cheerful unanimity. Japan alone held out. In order to conform to the proposed ratio she should have agreed to scrap the *Mutsu*, a new 33,000-ton Dreadnought, armed with 16-inch guns. With bland politeness her delegates urged that this was asking too much. They threatened to create a disagreeing jury, and the United States did not want a disagreeing jury. None of the other Powers much cared whether Japan retained the *Mutsu* or not, except in so far as the concession would give them a lever for their own ends. The delegates carried their point: the *Mutsu* remains in the Japanese Navy.

With the exception of the two capital ships, *Nelson* and *Rodney*, of 35,000 tons apiece, now building for the British Navy, no battleships or battle-cruisers have been, nor will be for some years to come, laid down since the Washington Conference. Therefore it may be said that not only has competition in these units been restricted: it has been virtually stopped altogether. But here the material achievement of the Washington Agreement practically ends. The limitations set to tonnage and gun-power in other warship classes are so liberal that the sea Powers are well content to build within them. Indeed, it is probably true to say that the policy they are following to-day is precisely the same policy that they would have carried out had there been no Washington Conference at all—that is, so far as naval construction is concerned.

Great Britain has no reason to be dissatisfied with the results of the Washington Agreement. Japan is serenely satisfied. The United States alone is becoming

increasingly resentful of the disabilities imposed by her own experiment. And it is in this resentment that one finds the assurance of the ultimate abrogation of the Agreement, which will not improbably be brought about by the simple expedient of violating its terms. A big and responsible body of American naval opinion is now openly advocating this course. Several perfectly definite reasons have contributed to bring about this frame of mind. Chief amongst these is the growing perception that America gave away rather more than she quite realised at the time. Hence the conclusion that the technical advisers left too much to the idealists.

Since the United States has debarred herself from building any more battleships, she not unreasonably wants to get all the value she can out of her older class of vessels. She proposes to convert these to the use of oil fuel, and to increase the angle of elevation of their turret guns, to enable them to deliver plunging fire. But the British Admiralty has pointed out that this would constitute a direct violation of the Washington Agreement, under which no existent ships are to be improved in fighting value. America does not like to be told that she must not do anything which she herself proposes. It grates upon her superior pose of self-sufficiency.

The prohibition to develop the Philippines and Guam into first-rate fortified naval bases is such an obvious disability that one can only wonder the United States ever agreed to it. Her naval policy is directed at dominance of the Pacific—whether or not because she designs to try to extend the Munroe Doctrine to China is not quite clear. But such a policy is heavily handicapped by the denial of naval bases in the Pacific. In the present posture of affairs, Japan could quite easily seize Manila, and with little more difficulty occupy Guam. None knows this better than Japan; hence she is satisfied with the honourable Washington Agreement.

America set her own standard of naval strength in the pact. This was to be equivalent to our own, and in the ratio of five to three in relation to that of Japan. The United States Navy has failed to maintain that relative position. The United States Navy itself admits this. For its lapse of efficiency it is quite illogically blaming the

Washington Agreement. One of its staff captains is quoted as saying that the Navy "sold out" at Washington. Yet it is not suggested that any of the other signatory Powers have done anything which they should not have done. It is true that a Mr. William Baldwin Shearer has been writing in the Hearst Press that the British Admiralty has broken faith, but he is discredited and specifically contradicted by the United States Navy Department.

The most effective impeachment of the Washington Agreement is that levelled by Captain Dudley Knox, U.S.N., in a thoughtful article upon the new light cruiser programmes, contributed to the 1925 volume of *Brassey's Naval Annual*. He says these programmes are bringing about an alteration in relative naval strength "which must nullify the fundamental spirit of the Naval Treaty signed at Washington (the spirit of a naval holiday on a basis of the then *status quo* in sea power)." This is a definite and perfectly legitimate allegation of failure. And once failure is admitted, a pact which merely imposes disabilities without any resultant advantages is bound to lapse.

In this country the Washington Agreement would certainly pass unwept. The very principle upon which it rests has never been really acceptable to the British taste. Centuries of proud tradition have ingrained in Englishmen the sense of self-determination so far as the Navy is concerned. The idea of our sea power being regulated by any other country or countries is not a pleasing one, even in the guise of an economic expedient. Through the ages British naval policy has been governed by the principle of response, not of challenge. We know exactly what we have to protect and to guard, and we also claim to know our own business in the best manner of doing this. The Navy is the supreme heritage of the British people, and any sort of clipping or pooling of it causes an instinctive sense of revulsion.

The Master

By R. D. Hemingway

It was broad daylight when "Gorby" awoke, although the sun had not yet climbed into view above the crest of the wooded bank which sloped down towards the hedge-bottom, where, curled up like an animal, "Gorby" had slept.

The air was keen; but, in spite of one or two waking shivers, he rolled over on to his back and lay still.

Haste never had appealed to him, even in the far-off, respectable days before he took to the road. Besides, "Gorby's" brain had rusted, and he wanted to examine once again the strange determination which had caused him to branch off from an ambit that had not varied during the past five years, between the annual setting forth on Good Friday and the return to winter quarters in a favoured "Union" so soon as the trees began seriously to shed their foliage.

Not that "Gorby" had strayed from his regular beat for the purpose of seeking an unfamiliar scene. Far from it. He was acutely aware that, by raising his head above the hedge on his side of the lane, he might descry above the hedge opposite the mellow-red tiles roofing a little farmstead, and the tops of stunted willows marking the course of a stream meandering down a narrow dingle.

He could recall, indeed, every detail of the little holding—the three straggling strips of pasture, where used to roam several cows, a shaggy pony and perhaps a litter of pigs; one small, untidy hay-rick near the byre; a patch of garden overhanging the stream; the squat, red-brick dwelling-house, with a single tall old cherry tree leaning towards the furthermost wall; and, beyond, a wedge of apple orchard, neglected and moss-grown.

All this, and more, could he recall with reasonable certitude; for "Gorby" had come home.

Yet, wanting one other and more essential particular, he waited patiently, staring upward through the tracery of leaves and branches at the pale blue summer sky, confident that, unless there had been a change of occupancy, information would come to him unsought.

And presently it came, in the form of a persistent, shrill "*Coop! Coo-oop!*" intermitted by loud metallic bangings.

With a quickly changing expression of relief, agitation, and dogged resolve in his face, at once "Gorby" crawled from his ditch through a gap in the hedge and crossed the lane towards a gate fenced in closely with dead furze. There, leaning his arms on the top bar, he gazed down the short cart-track to the farmstead.

Surrounded by a miscellany of excited fowls, a woman stood between house and byre, alternately chanting the monotonous "*Coop, Coo-oop!*" that had aroused "Gorby" to activity, and with a stick belabouring an ancient tin tray. The sunlight slanted full upon her; and he could make out quite clearly the thin, sandy hair strained back from her florid, expressionless features, and even the bold outlines of her sturdy figure beneath the faded pink print gown.

If not particularly attractive, she had an air of quiet vigour, deliberate purpose and extreme cleanliness which might have provoked many another man's admiration. Yet there was something in the picture that made "Gorby" wince oddly.

With difficulty he suppressed an instinct to duck down behind the shield of furze and slink away unseen.

On perceiving three cows stringing towards her down the dingle, the woman ceased her racket; and "Gorby," after swallowing, seized the opportunity to announce his presence.

"Sophy!" he called; then louder, "Hi! hello, Soph'!"

The woman slowly turned her head. "Hello yourself!" she retorted shrilly. "If you've got anything to say, come and say it. Whoever you be, there's no call to waste your breath hollerin'."

Thus encouraged, "Gorby" opened the gate, fastened it again behind him with ostentatious care, then came shuffling along the cart-track.

No one could have mistaken his profession. From

his shapeless, clerical wideawake hat (picked up heaven knows where) to his gaping boots of different sizes, "tramp" was writ large all over him. A harmless enough specimen of the fraternity, with his mild blue eyes and humble bearing, still, "tramp" he was; and it speaks volumes for Sophy Harris's discernment that, as "Gorby" approached, beneath his unclean tatters and his tangle of mouse-coloured beard and whisker she recognised a husband.

"It's Alf," she said, with no more emotion than if she had remarked upon the fineness of the morning.

He halted a few paces from her. "Yus, Soph'," he replied, shifting with his feet, "it's me—Alf."

She eyed him steadily, neither friendly nor unfriendly; and after one sheepish glance at her expressionless face he fixed his gaze along a line just missing her left ear.

"Been trapesin' the roads, by the look of it," she observed.

"Yus, Soph'," he replied.

"And got tired of it."

"Yus, Soph'."

"I'm not blamin' you for showin' a bit o' sense, long as it's took you," she went on. "Anythin' against you?"

This, at all events, was a definite question, and "Gorby" could answer it truthfully.

"Nary a thing," he said. "Not even a drunk."

"That case, there's no call for chatterin'," remarked Mrs. Harris casually. "Here come the cows; and you'd best bide where you be till I've milked them."

With admirable docility the animals filed past into their stalls; and, leaning against the door-post, "Gorby" watched his wife first wash and then, seated upon a stool, strip them of their milk with expert speed and precision. He wondered if there lived a cow that would dare to become restive or hold its milk when once Sophy's sandy top-knot was pressed against the curve of its belly. He remembered none in the far-off days, no, nor any other four-legged animal that had not succumbed to her amazing yet unaggressive mastery within a week of coming upon the farm. Even her hens seemed to lose the natural cackling idiocy of poultry when Sophy was near.

"Is *she* there?" ventured "Gorby," after a long

pause. Catching his wife's sidelong glance, he jerked his thumb in the direction of the house.

"Mother died last day o' March—buried the Wednesday afore Easter," she replied.

"You oughter a' got a dog," said "Gorby."

"When I want a dog I'll get one," she informed him with indifference.

"For company-like," he added ingratiatingly.

"Them like me as has had other folks to look after all their lives learns to look after themselves," said Mrs. Harris.

Feeling that he had drawn blank, "Gorby" relapsed into an uneasy silence; and his wife took no further notice of him until the milking had been finished. Then, with a toneless "Get out o' me way," she carried the pails into the dairy, whence presently she emerged, and, after making several journeys between the kitchen and the lean-to wash-house beyond, beckoned to him to approach.

"You've seen fit to come home, Alf," she began.

"Yus, Soph'."

"You was free to come in at that gate, and you'm free to go out——"

"Yus, Soph'," he interposed, standing his ground.

"But you don't come inside my house till you'm clean," she went on. "There's hot water and soap and a flannel and a towel in the wash-house; and you strips to the skin afore you steps inside. There's no one to see you. And while you cleans yourself—and does it proper—I'll get some o' your own clo'es from the chest upstairs, and put a bit o' bacon to fry for breakfas'."

"But it ain't a Saturday, Soph'," protested "Gorby" feebly. "I'll catch me death o' cold."

"There's the gate behind you, Alf," she reminded him.

He turned his head round, as if to verify her statement, then slowly began to shed his rags, which Mrs. Harris deposited upon a refuse-heap with a pitchfork that she fetched from the byre, just as "Gorby," mother-naked and with shoulders hunched, limped grotesquely into the wash-house.

She would have burnt the outward signs of his freedom forthwith, but it happened not to be her day for lighting the fire beneath the copper.

Entering the kitchen, in a few minutes Mrs. Harris appeared again carrying a pair of boots and an armful of clothes. These she placed upon a slab just within the wash-house; then, pausing only to bid Alf not take all day about his ablutions, she proceeded to feed the fowls; capture three cockerels and fasten them within a small crate; fill the pig-trough; scour, scald and cold-rinse the milk pails, then hang them upside down, to sweeten, on the spurs of a whitened stump set upright for the purpose in the yard near the dairy door.

It was an excellent exhibition of how to get work done in the shortest time possible yet without haste or fluster. Moreover, an appetising odour of smoked bacon frizzling in the pan proved that breakfast had not been neglected; and in her comings and goings she found time occasionally to cast in a word or two at the wash-house doorway.

"Do it proper now, Alf," she would say, or "You'm skimpin' the soap, Alf," or "I'm a-watchin' you, Alf."

Then finally, when she summoned him to breakfast: "That's more like yourself, Alf; and to-night, when I get home from market, I'll take me big scissors to some of that hair you've grown."

And indeed, except for the damp, mouse-coloured tangle about his head and face, few would have recognised "Gorby." Clad in a sound pair of hob-nailed boots, corduroys, a striped cotton shirt and moleskin waistcoat, with a red and yellow bandanna knotted round his throat, he stepped gingerly into the kitchen and took his once accustomed place at table. His eyes roamed furtively, taking in the hams suspended from the whitewashed ceiling; the bright red quarries tiling the floor; the burnished mazarin kettle and the copper pans on the mantelshelf; the big Bible, with its winking brass hasps and brass corners, set exactly four-square upon the small table in the sunlit window, on the sill of which stood three geraniums in paper-frilled pots—across again to the glowing fire and his wife's clean, pink-gowned figure, as she filled the big brown teapot from the kettle on the highly polished range.

In the far-off days the spotlessness and the enduring sameness of everything had alarmed him; now it seemed almost terrific. Yet it held him in thrall—was so familiar that his five years' freedom of the road seemed a dream.

He was just the old Alf Harris; "Gorby" had never existed.

Sitting on the extreme edge of his chair, he accepted meekly the food that his wife placed before him. There was no stint—there never had been; and, every now and again, she rose from her own chair to wait on him, urging him to make a "proper" breakfast—as she always had done in the past. And—as in the past—in spite of the generous comfort and wifely attention, "Gorby" itched to jerk his body backward violently and kick the table sky-high with both feet.

As if to stifle the appalling desire, he gulped down large mouthfuls of food with nervous haste, while endeavouring to offer an attentive ear to his wife's punctuating recital of her mother's fatal illness and funeral.

Oddly enough, although the old dame had become a permanent member of the household on the day he married Sophy, "Gorby" felt no emotion from the fact that she was dead, other than a faint sense of loneliness. Often, in the far-off days, it had seemed to him that he and his mother-in-law suffered something in common. Now he shared it with no one.

"It's market-day, Alf," said Mrs. Harris, switching over smoothly from the departed to matters that concerned the living. "I'll be away to Besterley till four o'clock, earliest."

"Yus, Soph'."

"I'll bring your ounce o' shag and a clean pipe back with me."

"Yus, Soph'."

"When I've gone," she went on, "you can start on them thistles in the top meadow; they've spread shockin'. The scythe's on the nail in the shed and the rubber's on the window-ledge, where they used to be. And there's a bed o' nettles in the corner wants cuttin'. While you're there trim a stake or two with the chopper, and stop that hole in the hedge with brash; the pigs gets through into the lane. You can cut a bit o' cold bacon for your dinner; and keep the fire low."

"Yus, Soph'."

"Then, Alf, you can clean up the byre and get to hoein' the potaters; and keep the wicket shut; there's no

call for the fowls to go scrattin' in the garden. An' if you've done afore I gets home, clean out the sty, and give the yard a swill and scrub with the broom. Take your bucket to the stream; the pump well's gettin' low, this dry weather. . . . Finished, Alf?"

"Yus, Soph'."

"Then you can put Tom in the trap, while I washes up these things and gets meself dressed."

As on many a former market morning, he had received his orders for the day's work; and, surreptitiously passing the back of his hand across his lips, slowly "Gorby" rose from the table and clattered out from the kitchen; slowly he crossed the yard towards the shed, took down the harness, and pulled out the two-wheeled trap.

Standing between the shafts, instinctively he shouted, "Tom!" then became dumb, scared by his own voice raised in command.

But the shaggy pony, grazing in the first field, had already raised its head at the sound of wheels, and now came obediently towards him. The animal jibbed a little on perceiving a strange master; then, as if too well drilled to rebel for long, it allowed itself to be harnessed.

With his hand on the bridle, "Gorby" led Tom to the front door.

"Ready, Soph'," he called shakily.

"Down in a minute, Alf," came the reply through the open window of the bedroom above. "Tom'll stand, and you can fetch the baskets from the dairy—and Alf, there's some cockerels in the yard that I'm takin'."

He obeyed her without a word; and when, by and by, Mrs. Harris, in a black skirt, black mantle and bonnet, appeared in the porchway the trap was laden ready for market, with baskets of fresh butter, cream cheeses and eggs, together with the crate of live cockerels.

She surveyed his handiwork with an expert glance, locked the front door, and placed the big key in her pocket; then, for the first time, smiled amiably upon her husband, exposing a double array of strong white teeth.

"To the tick, Alf," she remarked, climbing leisurely into the trap. "Let folks begin as they means to go on, and they *gets* along together, I always says. You can open the gate, Alf."

"Yus, Soph'."

He walked on ahead up the cart-track and swung the gate wide open for her to drive through.

"Four o'clock, earliest, Alf," said Mrs. Harris, pulling up for a moment as she turned into the lane. "And, Alf!—there's no call for gossipin' at your work, but if someone as knowed you should come botherin', just remember—you've been to Canady and had an accerdent that's made you a bit foolish and forgetful-like. . . . Get along, Tom!"

She flapped the reins upon the pony's back, and drove on, sitting bolt upright and steadfastly facing her five-mile journey to the market town.

But, though she herself had gone, the spell of Sophy Harris's presence seemed to linger in the air; and "Gorby," having carefully re-fastened the gate, at once made his way back towards the shed, wagging his head slowly from side to side, as if to express an utter inability to reply to an unanswerable question. Taking down the scythe from the nail and the rubber from the window-ledge, despondently he trudged up the dingle to the top meadow, where, as his wife had stated, thistles in plenty awaited him.

He made pretence of whetting the scythe-blade, hurt his fingers, dropped the rubber, and began, haphazard, to slash at the thistles, wandering hither and thither, until he found himself near the bank of the little stream. Here he stopped, and stood, propped up by the scythe-handle, contemplating the vista down towards the farm buildings.

It was very quiet and peaceful, this little fold in the remote countryside—too quiet by half, his father used to grumble—but "Gorby" had been born there, and he loved it—he had wanted nothing better all his life, until Sophy had come and spoilt it all. Yet it was the astounding fact that the farm was his own; he could do what he liked with any or every inch of it, if he had the spunk of a wood-louse.

But, then, Soph'——

Soph' had a way; she moved on like a steam-roller and expected a man to move on "accordin'"—or out of the way—or get hurt. Yes, hurt—hurt physically; although she never showed temper and never raised a hand, or that

precious stick of hers, to anything that walked on four legs.

For six solid years he'd stood it, and after five more years of freedom he'd come back, hoping that she'd changed, and meaning manfully to change her if she hadn't.

And now——

Soph' hadn't changed—not one tittle; 'twas plain to see. And what had he done? Nothing; come back to the same old state of things; taken it all with "Yus, Soph'" and "Yus, Soph'." . . .

Like a gorby. . . .

Already the sun blazed from a cloudless sky, giving promise of sweltering heat; and "Gorby's" digestion, grown unaccustomed to food in bulk, made him feel sluggish. Besides, the spell of Sophy's presence was evaporating. He dropped the scythe, and, seeking the shade of a willow, lay down upon the bank to think things out. And presently he fell asleep.

It was past noon when he awoke and rolled over on to his side. The first object that received his conscious gaze was a thistle—then more thistles. His mild blue eyes regarded them tolerantly.

Dang it! If he liked to let them thistles go on growing—why, let 'em grow! They belonged to him, didn't they?—not to Soph'.

Suddenly, determined to play the man, "Gorby" rose and set forth down the dingle with purposeful gait.

"Four, earliest," Soph' had said. And, like as not, she'd come home market-peart, just a little bit tiddley after her weekly tipple on port wine from the wood; and when Soph' was like that she was likely more than usual to find fault with a man for jobs left undone in her absence. Well, let her try it on this time; once and for all he'd show her who was master. Dang it!—the farm belonged to him, didn't it? . . .

As ofttimes before, when Sophy was away at market, "Gorby" had found courage, and he was resolved now to prove his revolt and mastery by a decisive act of primary importance.

Arriving at the house, without slackening his pace he strode across the yard towards the kitchen door. Behind

it, against the wall, rested a battered tin tray and a stiff, short ash-plant. "Gorby" seized the stick, and, standing on one leg, whipped it across his raised knee.

Dang it! Lather a man, would she? He'd been long enough in making up his mind; but this time, once and for all, he'd show Soph' who was master. He'd break the blamed thing!—he *would*. . . .

"Alf! Alf!"

Receiving no reply, Mrs. Harris carefully descended from the trap. She seemed rather stiff and clumsy after her long ride, and the simple catch of the gate gave trouble. Still, she took it all quite as a joke, chuckling several times while leading the pony along the cart-track to the farm. There, bidding Tom stand, after glancing into the byre, the pig-sty, and over the garden fence at the potato patch, she walked leisurely across the yard, hooked an arm searchingly round behind the kitchen door, then retraced her steps.

"Let folks begin as they means to go on, and they *gets* along together, I says," muttered Mrs. Harris, smiling good-humouredly.

"Alf! *Alf Harris!*" Her shrill voice could be heard the length and breadth of the dingle.

Although perhaps not quite so firmly poised as in the early morning, standing now, stick in hand, between house and byre, Sophy Harris presented a figure of deliberate purpose and pleasurable anticipation that might have provoked admiration in many another man.

But "Gorby" was a couple of leagues away, beating it, hot-foot, for the freedom of the road again.

And, except for a certain cleanliness of skin, he was the old "Gorby" in every detail; for he had the strange, terrifying belief that, were he to take away even clothing that once belonged to him, Sophy might set the law in motion, and hale him back to painful servitude on his own farm.

Some Notes of a Punjab Judge

By Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Irvine, C.I.E.

THE perfect District and Sessions Judge would possess in a superhuman degree the special qualities of Solomon, Gallio, and Job. Equipped with these attributes, he might hope, in time, to explore successfully the tortuous windings of the mind of the Indian witness. Those of us who, unfortunately, do not possess the mental gifts above enumerated must needs do the best we can, relying chiefly upon our experience of many years, and, to a lesser extent, upon careful observation of the witnesses' great toes. It is the custom of the country that shoes be left outside in the court verandah; and when the Oriental deponent is nonplussed or embarrassed he has a praiseworthy habit of twiddling the aforesaid tell-tale appendages, thereby furnishing some indication of the value of his testimony.

The District and Sessions Judge is the principal judicial officer in his division, which may comprise an area of some thousands of square miles with a population of a million inhabitants. His work consists, for the most part, in hearing appeals, criminal and civil; but he has also to dispose of divorce suits, and to deal with much miscellaneous matter concerned with probate, lunacy, guardians and wards, and insolvency. If he be a Punjab judge he must possess a colloquial knowledge of Urdu and Punjabi sufficient for the proper trial of persons accused of certain serious offences. Murder cases he decides with the assistance of three Indian Assessors. Death sentences passed by him and decrees in divorce suits require confirmation by the Judges of a High Court.

One of the chief difficulties with which he is confronted is the monumental ignorance of the average litigant. This is especially noticeable in the case of the Indian female witness, rich or poor. Enquiries as to her age, the time at which something happened, or the distance of one village from another, will often merely elicit the reply:

"*Zanānian kī patta?*" ("What do women know of such matters?") It must, however, be granted that there has been some slight improvement in recent years. There are, nowadays, fewer misunderstandings arising from ignorance such as that of the old Jat cultivator, whose grievance before a higher court was that a magistrate, instead of listening to his pleader's argument, had spent his time "playing a musical instrument." That was in the early days of the type-writing machine!

The Punjabi peasant is by nature intensely litigious. However poor he may be, he can always find the money for a lawsuit; and he prefers one of the "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" variety, that he can pass on to his son and his grandson. He will quarrel for years over an infinitesimal scrap of land; over the exact position of a doorstep; over a new window opened by a neighbour interfering (so he alleges) with the *parda* of his womenfolk. Attempts at arbitration almost invariably end in accusations of bias and bribery against the arbitrators.

In estimating the perplexities which beset the task of a judge in India it must be borne in mind that a vast majority of the population still lives back in the Middle Ages. Only a few years ago, in a small town in British territory, a case occurred of a little child being kidnapped and murdered in order that a wealthy *Bania* woman, who greatly desired to have a son, might follow the advice of a soothsayer and bathe in its blood. Another quite recent case was that of a man who had killed his aged invalid stepfather *with the latter's consent*; the motive of both the murderer and his victim being to get three innocent persons, their enemies, hanged.

But it is to the lighter pages of one's notebook that one turns with pleasure. Among my records I find a memorandum about an old lady who appeared before a court charged with "voluntarily obstructing the rolling-stock of a railway." Fortunately, she was able to explain that, arriving late from her village and being anxious not to miss the train, she had decided to delay its departure by the simple expedient of seating herself upon the track just in front of the engine.

Another note connected with trains concerns an elderly lunatic accused of attempting a derailment by placing

sleepers across the line. He, too, had his explanation ready. It had been revealed to him in a dream that the soul of his departed *Guru* (his spiritual guide), with whom for some reason or another he was displeased, resided in locomotives; so he had conceived the brilliant idea of throwing a few trains off the line in the hope of causing his defunct teacher annoyance.

As an example of the difficulty experienced by Indian judges in arriving at the truth may be cited the case of a man arraigned for stealing a buffalo cow. The story of the prosecution at first appeared to be correct, and to be supported by apparently reliable witnesses. But, somehow or other, the correct version emerged from a welter of conflicting statements; and what had really happened was this: the accused, who was a *chalāk ādmi*, a crafty fellow, had made a bet with the owner of a camel that by squatting on the ground he could print off with the lower portion of his anatomy tracks which would be indistinguishable from those of the animal. After some exhaustive experimenting, the *Panchāyat* (village committee) had decided that the "crafty fellow" had won his bet; and the camel had been made over to him. A month later the disgusted loser, unable to bear his loss any longer, had rushed into court with a bogus complaint against the winner of the alleged theft of a buffalo cow. To the best of the writer's recollection, the presiding magistrate decided that, as the winner of the bet had had his laugh and free camel's milk for a month, the animal should be returned to its previous owner; so all ended well.

Against the "slimness" of the Indian litigant a judge must be always on his guard. In the course of a certain appeal considerable argument took place regarding one "Lala Lal Chand, Managing Director" of (let us say) "The All-India-Honest-Man Company," in liquidation. Searching inquiry elicited the interesting fact that "Lala Lal Chand, Managing Director," had attained the mature age of four years and a half; and, further, that the company was a bogus one started by his relations with his patrimony.

A ruse that failed was that attempted on behalf of a lady who was particularly anxious not to appear before the court in person. There are rules excusing *parda* ladies from personal attendance, whenever possible; but for some

special reason her personal appearance in that particular case was imperative. Adjournments were obtained several times on various grounds; but at length the Court strictly ordered that she must be present at the next hearing. On the day fixed her lawyer appeared and stated that she was duly in attendance outside the court, having been brought there in a palanquin, suffering from plague! Was she to be brought into court? The judge passed yet another order of adjournment; but at the same time—a point which had not been foreseen—despatched a message to the local health officer notifying him of a suspected case of plague. That zealous official, hurrying to the address given him, was in time to catch the plague suspect narrating a gleeful account of the success of her ruse to a circle of admiring relations.

Chalāki (craftiness) is a very favourite allegation against the police. The Indian Police form a body of hard-working and underpaid men who, no doubt, have their own methods of investigating crime, but who in these troublous times have been wonderfully loyal to their salt. Occasionally, however, such allegations are not without reason; and, as affording an instance of police "craftiness," it may be related how on one occasion a murderer was hanged in gaol, and his body was made over for burial to his relations, who removed it on a bullock-cart. By some mischance, at the time of execution too long a "drop" had been allowed, with the result that the head had been almost severed from the trunk. The jolting of the bullock-cart over the rough country roads during the night completed the severance, and the head of the corpse rolled into a ditch. There it was found next morning by a constable, who argued that, as there was a head, there must have been a murder—and that there might be a chance of promotion for himself. A visit to a neighbouring village produced a *lambardar* (or headman) with the inevitable enemy; and the opportunity for revenge seemed too good a one to lose. So it was not long before the enemy found himself the chief actor in a fully-fledged murder case, with much circumstantial evidence against him, supported by the statements of the constable, the headman and other witnesses. It was, in fact, only certain medical evidence that saved him.

The trial of forgery cases occupies much of the time of the courts, and the writer could name several small towns in the Punjab in which the practice of forgery might be considered the principal industry. False coining is also prevalent; and it is an interesting fact that the earth preferred by the coiner for making his moulds is that ejected from the bodies of white ants as they tunnel their nefarious way through the mud walls of buildings. It is peculiarly free from gritty particles which might cause an uneven surface in the moulds.

Influenza and plague have caused a dearth of marriageable females; and the result has been an increase in the crime of *barda farōshi*—the illegal sale of women. Gangs operating in the Punjab come largely from the United and Central Provinces, and the women are frequently their confederates. The unsuspecting Jat villager, who needs a wife less for her beauty than for her household qualities, is easily induced to part with his hard-earned cash to some member of the gang posing as the woman's uncle; and after a few days he finds himself a "grass widower," the woman having rejoined her accomplices with all the money and ornaments she could lay her hands on.

The fact that it would be both unlucky and bad manners to look beneath the *burqa* at the time of the bargain facilitates deception. On one occasion a villager purchased a slim young bride, and started joyfully homeward, the lady following him veiled from head to foot in her *burqa*. But before arriving at the house the "bride" suddenly cast aside her covering, and to his chagrin the astounded Jat beheld a particularly agile boy speeding over the plain in the direction taken by his fellow-conspirators.

In India we become acquainted with many varieties of the confidence trick. One of them consists in the "doubling" of a currency-note, the victim usually being a wealthy money-lender. First of all, it is necessary to gain the confidence of the dupe. A sheet of white paper, cut to the size of the note, is treated with chemicals, and is then placed with the note between two pieces of glass. After being warmed for a few minutes the pieces of glass are taken apart; and behold, a brand new note is found in place of the sheet of white paper! This operation, of

course, merely requires a little sleight of hand. The victim is then invited to furnish a note of higher value for the next experiment, and is eventually handed a sealed packet with instructions to keep it warm and refrain from opening it for three days. At the end of that time he finds that the only contents of the packet are some scraps of charred paper—and that the swindlers have departed elsewhere.

A variation of this trick is the duplicating of a gold nugget. The nugget is placed in an earthen pot, which the dupe is allowed to seal up and place over a small charcoal fire. But the bottom of the pot, being lightly stuck on with clay, falls out and lets the gold down into the ashes, whence it is removed by the member of the gang whose duty it is to attend to the fire.

An ingenious method of robbery was that adopted by some burglars who dug a tunnel underneath a cotton factory, abstracted a number of bales of cotton, and then re-sold them to the owner of the factory.

A judge in India must always view confessions of guilt with suspicion; and confessions made to the police are not evidence. On one occasion the accused confessed to the murder of a girl whom he had abducted. A corpse was found in a canal, which was not the corpse of the girl, but which her relations identified as hers with the object of getting the abductor hanged. It transpired that the accused was simply gambling on the fact that, apart from his confession, there was absolutely no evidence of the murder. In the event of an acquittal he would thus be able to retain possession of the girl: and, as a last resort, she could always be produced.

Now and again the proceedings of Indian Courts justify the famous dictum uttered by "Mr. Bumble." It was a decision of an Indian judge, dead many years ago, which gave rise to the following curious state of affairs. In a case between an uncle and his nephew about a house, it was decided that the upper portion of it belonged to the uncle, while the lower portion belonged to the nephew. The uncle, however, according to the decree, was to have no right-of-way over the nephew's portion so as to come into possession of the share allotted to him. The bewildered uncle applied again to the judge, who decided

that on the evidence he could not revise his former finding, but passed an order to the effect that possibly it might be feasible to put the uncle in possession of his portion by means of a ladder, or by publicly proclaiming in the street outside the house the fact of his ownership.

Aeroplanes not having been invented at the time, a Court official known as the Civil Nāzir inserted the uncle by means of a ladder into the upper storey; from which elevated position he commenced to throw into the street pieces of paper addressed to the Deputy Commissioner of the District, calling for assistance and complaining that he was starving and unable to descend. Eventually his friends broke a hole through a brick wall and delivered him. The nephew then commenced a fresh suit against his uncle for damages, and another suit against the Civil Nāzir for leaning the ladder against his wall.

A somewhat grim humour attaches to a note about a celebrated dacoit, who was executed for a series of brutal murders. On the scaffold he expressed his intention of making his will, and announced that, as he had a total of twenty-two years of unexpired sentences for other crimes of violence, he wished to bequeath ten years' imprisonment to each of the two sub-inspectors who had taken part in his arrest, and two years to the Sessions Judge.

A note in lighter vein concerns a certain Thomas Atkins, who walked into court one day and enquired: "You're a judge, sir, ain't yer? Well, I got my wife in a cab outside; and we want yer to divorce us."

The pleasantest relations exist, as a rule, between the Bench and the Bar, along with mutual confidence; but personally I always found it desirable to see the individual on whose behalf counsel might put forward in appeal a plea for mercy on the ground that his client was "only a raw youth." Not infrequently the "raw youth" would prove to be a burly, bearded gentleman aged about thirty.

One of the most novel methods of exciting compassion that ever came under my notice was that adopted by an elderly rascal accused of burglary. On being brought into court he extracted, and exhibited, his false teeth in four pieces. Presumably his idea was to show that, by reason of his physical infirmities, he was ill fitted for the profession of Bill Sikes; but, unfortunately for him, there was no

suggestion in the evidence for the prosecution that he had been picking locks with his teeth.

A tooth, by the way, may be a valuable asset, and at the same time a dangerous article to possess. The knocking out of a tooth constitutes the offence of "grievous hurt"; and I remember the strange complaint being brought against one individual that he was the owner of a particularly fine loose tooth, which he was in the habit of *hiring out* for use in "grievous hurt" cases!

Notes on quaint arguments advanced by counsel include one about a lawyer who, in a vagrancy case, insisted that his client was "not out of employment," since he was "living on the earnings of a lady of easy virtue."

Many of the appeals which come before a District and Sessions Judge are from the decisions of Honorary Civil Judges and Magistrates. These gentlemen—who are usually wealthy landowners and persons of influence in their part of the country—do a great deal of very useful work; but their judgments are occasionally peculiar. The present writer can only recollect one example, in which an Honorary Civil Judge, having to decide which of two parties was the owner of a certain piece of land, decided that *it belonged to himself*; but the case was probably not unique.

The judgment of one Honorary Magistrate is deserving of quotation *in extenso*. Two men, named respectively Rooldoo and Gamoo, each supported by an equal number of witnesses, filed cross complaints of assault against each other in the Court of the local Honorary Magistrate. After a protracted trial, in which both sides were given a patient hearing, the following judgment was delivered:—

I can't make out who is the real offender. It may be Rooldoo or it may be Gamoo. When Rooldoo tells his story I feel convinced that Gamoo is the offender. When Gamoo ends his story I almost jump to the conclusion that Rooldoo is the offender. When both tell their stories in the same breath—as I have often made them do, not knowing what else to do myself—confusion is worse confounded. I can't say who is who; that is, whether Rooldoo is Gamoo, or Gamoo is Rooldoo. I have heard the story of each of these rascals from beginning to end, and *vice versa*. I frankly confess—nay, I boldly assert, that I can't make out head or tail of it all. I am quite sure that one of them is the offender. I hold that one of them, viz., either Rooldoo or Gamoo, should be taken to task; that is, let off with a sound warning, considering that it is the first time they have taken a fancy to putting me to unnecessary trouble. But I should be strictly impartial, in so far as I do not yet know who is the real

offender. So I find both the rascals guilty under Section . . . of the Indian Penal Code. I feel sure that both are scoundrels of the most confounded type, but in honour of their first visit to this court I propose to let them off with a warning, and accordingly order Lakkhoo Chaprasi and Zaman Daftri to catch Rooldoo and Gamoo by the nose and lead them out of the court.

In the Courts of some Honorary Judges the custom still prevails, though it is strictly discouraged, of allowing a case to be decided by the oath of one of the parties. The plaintiff may offer to forgo his claim if his opponent will swear by his son's head, by a cow's tail, or on a bottle of the sacred water of the Ganges, that the claim is false. Until quite recently, at any rate, there existed in some of the Madras Courts a practice of swearing by lighted camphor. A piece of camphor would be lighted; and the defendant, after taking an oath that a certain portion of the claim against him was not due, would extinguish the flame, judgment being given accordingly.

Other ancient practices, now rapidly falling into disuse, may still be seen in some of the more old-fashioned districts. A litigant may appear before the Court and stand on one leg, signifying to the judge "You are my support." Or, if he be a Hindu, holding a bunch of grass in his mouth, signifying "You are my cow" (that is, "the object I most revere"). Sometimes an individual will present himself with a flaming torch, or carrying a lighted brazier on his head, to light the way to justice. He is usually a person with a shocking bad case!

The old patriarchal system of administering justice has, however, practically passed away; and the days are over when a judge might relieve the monotony by trying and fining the sparrows which had desecrated his court, the fines being paid by the menial staff whose duty it was to see to it that no sparrows were there.

It was the same judge who had a novel method of dealing with his cat when it had been killing his chickens. The cat was duly tried, convicted and sentenced to hard labour; the sentence being carried out with the help of a police-constable, who walked the convict up and down during the term of its sentence with a small bag of sand strapped across its back.

An Old Squire and His Sayings

By The Old Stager

My Great-uncle Cartaret was a legend in our family as long ago as 1860, and I have often thought that a collection of his sayings, genuine and attributed to him, would add to the gaiety, if not to the wisdom, of posterity. You must not expect to find him a Rochefoucauld for wit, nor an Aurelius for wisdom. He was, I suppose, a man of little education, save in country lore and the science of sport; you might call him narrow-minded and egotistical, and, latterly at any rate, he was unquestionably a lamentable old bore. His aphorisms, if aphorisms they may be called, for though didactic they were not concise, were delivered with the roaring of a bull, and they dealt for the most part with sport, the pleasures of the table, and the art of living like a gentleman, as Great-uncle Cartaret conceived it.

He was not greatly concerned with politics beyond a rooted belief, not uncommon among retired soldiers of the old school, that whatever Government might be in power was composed of rogues, traitors and *crétins*, who were drawing blood-money from some mysterious foreign Power in exchange for the betrayal of this country. Uncle Cartaret was born in 1809 and does not appear to have been to any public school. At one time, as we know from an unprintable story concerning a bunch of nettles, he and my grandfather received a grounding in French from a "mounseer," but though, as I know, he could read French novels after a fashion, French was a language with which he would never sully his tongue.

To the end the Frenchman was to him a "damned pasty-faced frog-eater," and I daresay that even if he had been privileged to see the 20$^{me.}$ Corps going forward to attack in 1917, he would not have altered his opinion. As with Frenchmen, so with all foreigners, save the Turks, some attribute in their manner of life, dress or customs appealed to the humour in Uncle Cartaret and labelled

them in his brain cells as for all time contemptible beside an Englishman.

Uncle Cartaret had at some time served at sea—probably in very early youth—and later on spent a year or two as a cornet in a cavalry regiment. We know that he was quartered in Ireland, where he hunted six days a week and dined every night of his life from 5 o'clock until 2 o'clock the following morning.

From his seafaring days, I think, he owed his extraordinary facility for tying and unravelling all forms of knots, from the most delicate of casts to the thickest of hempen ropes; while his years in the Army must have laid the seeds of the direst of all his complaints, a pachydermatous partiality for re-telling a well-worn story.

One can hardly dare to contemplate how brain rotting must have been that army life, in which nine hours of every day were spent round a table with the same score of companions, over-eating and over-drinking, with never a new topic but the special yet familiar details of that day's sport. They were a hard-headed generation, too, and it is unlikely that any save the striplings were drunk to insensibility much before midnight. Not that Uncle Cartaret comes down to us as a hard drinker or a libertine. He had his fling as a youth—and, indeed, he could not have remained in the regiment and stood out from the universal practice—and I doubt not that all those hard-drinking days he averaged fifty miles in the saddle. Nor was it all drinking when hunting was over; there were famous badger baitings in the mess ante-room, steeplechases in the small hours, and a hundred other forms of robustious horseplay.

But it is not as a soldier or a roysterer that Uncle Cartaret is remembered. He very early left the Service and settled down as a country squire in a small house in the West of England on an income much too small to allow him luxurious living or good horses to ride.

Only his supreme skill in the breaking and making of young horses enabled him to enjoy his favourite sport until he was past the age when most men are long since relegated to carpet slippers and the chimney corner.

I do not think that he ever took unnecessary risks across country after he married. He had an eye for country

which led him instinctively the easiest way, and his knowledge of the habits of the fox ensured that he was well up at the end of the hunt. He was thirty when he married and settled down in Somerset, and, far from practising excess, he led a life of austerity, and, as we should consider, even of discomfort. His own sanctum was cold and cheerless, half gunroom, half office; his particular armchair hard and knobby; he sat amid a litter of old boots and fishing tackle, and dead birds and blown eggs, intended for stuffing or cataloguing. His chief reading was in the *Badminton* and the *Field*, and he was a frequent, if explosive, correspondent in the columns of the last-named.

Few men hung a finer boot, and he had a special device —a sloping board—on which he exercised his legs to keep them in shape. As I have said, his powers with ravelling and unravelling knots were amazing, and though when I first remember him his fingers were knobbed and bulbous with rheumatism and his sight was failing, he remained to the end a wizard of this science.

My Great-aunt Anna was exactly the wife one would have expected him to choose. A meeker, more timid, more deeply religious woman never pressed flowers, or collected texts in morocco-bound prayer book.

I think Uncle Cartaret knew what he owed her; I think he understood how helpless, aimless and lonely his life would be if she left him. In his rough, selfish, boisterous way he revered her as half angel from Heaven, half china ornament.

He would storm at her before the servants, yet in recognised ways would show her old-world courtesy. There was his way of handing her in and out of their pew in church; and he never failed to rise from his chair on the rare occasions when she disturbed him in his sanctum.

Yet knowing what she was to him, he assuredly hastened her death. He loved to exploit her timidity; would tire her out with walks; force her to pass through fields which she believed contained bulls—for all horned cattle were bulls to Aunt Anna—would keep her standing in the cold during ferreting operations in some rick-yard, and insist on her inspecting the corpses or witnessing the bludgeoning of rats or other vermin. He would never allow her to embellish her shabby drawing-room with

brighter chintzes. The shabby, old-fashioned wallpaper, grown grey or even mildewed, flapped on the walls in the draughty winter evenings and was never replaced. Fires were rigorously taboo between fixed dates, irrespective of temperature, and no entreaty would move him to install a modern bathroom. To the very end, they and their guests must make shift to wash with a system of brown cans of tepid water and a flat, cheerless foot-bath.

Uncle Cartaret was not a deeply religious man, but he was a pillar of the Church, none the less. He supported the vicar with his presence, if not with subscriptions. He expected the household and guests, if any, to attend morning service on Sundays, and he himself never failed to be at early service on the main festivals of the Church.

He read the lessons in a fine, breezy voice, which developed astonishing power when his interest awakened in the subject on hand; he loved to read of battles and hard blows given, and I can recall now his booming notes as he mouthed, "The battle is to the strong and the race to the swift," and the sudden gentleness with which he whispered, "Take up the little foxes that spoil our grapes." When he sang of "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," he would roll the words round his tongue like fine old port.

For the rest, he would occasionally comment audibly on the sermon, and would turn completely round and stare into silence any youthful villager who he considered was taking too prominent a part in the chorus.

I am dwelling perhaps overlong on my personal recollections of Uncle Cartaret; it was his sayings I intended to chronicle.

He lived twelve years, almost always alone, after Aunt Anna's death, and I record it that neither before nor after her death, no, nor at her deathbed or funeral, can anyone remember to have seen him give way to outward forms of grief, or to have heard him make use of any expression of sentiment or self-pity, or pity for others, and certainly he neither practised nor understood sympathy. He was not a generous man, yet in theory, at any rate, he was not a hard one. He distrusted sentiment, he feared pity; he was intolerant of youth if it did not walk hand-in-hand with humility; he felt perhaps that years, even years without achievement, took precedence of brains and success. But

he never despised a man who admittedly was unused to horses and ignorant of hunting, and he was very willing to teach—and in sport or natural history he was a master teacher—any young man who came with downcast eyes and humble spirit; and by that I do not mean that he liked a toady, or a Uriah Heap. He liked the young man who was not afraid of his roughness. And he liked people to enjoy themselves—in theory—and took a robust and full-blooded view of good company and good cheer.

Nor, I think, did he wish to keep the world for himself alone. He was quite prepared to share it with decent Tories of his kidney.

He died one cold February morning in the act of lifting one of those clumsy brown cans of tepid water towards his foot-bath—and I think there was left no old contemporary to mourn his death. To his neighbours he had long since become something of a butt, a legend. He was rough-tongued, and a little quarrelsome in the lonely days after his wife's death, and his old-world habits of dress and manner set strangers and young people tittering. But when he died there died as shrewd, honest, decent-minded, clean-lived an old gentleman as you would find, and the stoutest heart in Britain.

* * * * * *

He was a formidable man at breakfast time. It was then that he opened an evening paper of the night before and read of the treacheries of politicians. It was then that he thundered out against the traitors and knaves.

"*Cut yourself some ham, my boy; a half breakfasted man is no good.*"

He himself drank beer and ate beef for breakfast long after the practice had become defunct.

Of a young man who liked his tea weak and took a shooting stick out partridge driving:

"*Drinks cat-lap for breakfast, by God, and takes an arm-chair out shooting.*"

Of Politicians and World Politics:

"*What I say, and what I've said for years, this country's governed by foreign flunkeys.*"

"*Most women and all Whigs are asses.*"

"*In the days when we used to live in* England."

"*God made a big mistake when he made foreigners.*"

The introductory "What I say, etc.," almost always preceded a political aphorism.

Of Servants:

"*They never lose a chance; no, they never lose a chance.*"

This would always precede a violent ringing of the bell, and the arrival of a long-suffering, white-faced parlour-maid, and "How often am I to tell you to put the Worcester sauce on the table at breakfast?" The woman gone, he would invariably repeat the servant motif, "No, they never lose a chance."

Of Railways. Temp. 1840-50:

"*Drive their damned Devil's Kettle through the new fox-spinney, by God.*"

"They," in Uncle Cartaret's vocabulary, stood for the mysterious spielman, the evil spirits, clothed now in the garb of parlour-maids, or Prime Ministers; now of inventors or progressives, whose function and pleasure it was to tease or set on edge a respectable Tory squire sitting at breakfast.

Of Dukes:

Uncle Cartaret lived in days when a proper respect was shown to his class, the aristocracy. Among these, a special halo surrounded wearers of the strawberry leaves. Things must be forgiven to Dukes which might be inexcusable in lesser men.

Of a certain Duke, who had deviated from the straight path: [This aphorism has been claimed by others.]

"*Sedooced a Miss Jones, it appears; and, pray, why not?*"

Of the Pleasures of the Table:

"*Three glasses of port at dinner—three bottles of claret after. That was what wise men drank, when there* were *men.*"

"*They tell you to drink champagne after white cheese, and water after red. Damned nonsense. Strong ale should follow cheese.*"

"*There should be no singing or dancing after dinner. It stops the wine.*"

"*Brandy should be drunk at one sup, no matter how large the glass.*"

Of Shopping:

"*Go to Cockburn for champagne; Brougham for Bordeaux; Ferguson for Hock; and Cay for sherry.*

"*Paget for razors; Bridges for breeches; Phin for tackle; Gall for gigs.*"

OF CLOTHES:

"*Velvet collars? I wouldn't dress my poodle in one.*"

OF MARRIAGE:

"*An easy-going man marries a shrew;*
A hot-tempered man marries a pudding;
And a damn fool *marries a blue-stocking.*"

"*If you want flirting, go to a wedding. They are all agog, poor things.*"

OF CLUBMEN, AND LONDONERS:

"*You couldn't shake two wits out of all Clubland. Brooks' is an ass-stable; the theatres stuff, the fashionables nothing.*"

OF VIRGINS:

"*Show me the girl that makes eyes at the curate and I'll show you a girl who runs after men.*"

But I daresay you have had enough of old Uncle Cartaret. It is different for you. For me I have only to repeat one or two of his famous sayings to get once more a clear picture of him sitting at breakfast in his old leather chair, with his elaborate device of ropes and pulleys for ringing the old-fashioned bell; I see his jolly red face, grey side whiskers, like the Iron Duke's, great grey or white choker, and pepper-and-salt square-cut tail coat. And always I think there was a gleam of kindliness and humour behind those thunderous platitudes and ferocious judgments.

As for the sayings which I have quoted, I here state emphatically that I have no proof that he originated them. For all I know, he had them first from other lips, or had borrowed them from books, clothing the ideas in his own choice language. I record only what fell from him and remained in the memory of his family.

He is gone to his place, and I think they judged him lightly.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

International Sport

"See what that chap said the other day?" asked Heddle. "About Rugby football, I mean?"

"No," replied Sergeant Murphy. "What did he say?"

"He said if Rugby was to be taken up by every country in the world there would be no wars. He means if they played one another regularly they'd get so friendly that——"

"To be sure they would," said the Sergeant with a grin. "Anybody that's watched the two packs of forwards in a line-out knows it's all frindship and admiration. I played Rugby in the Army and I know.

"Wanst, Heddle, I turned out for the battalion agen a Munsther Fusiliers' team. I was a forward, and there was a fellah on the other side about seven feet high and murdherous in proportion. Every chance he got he manhandled me till I thought every bone in me body was out of the perpendicular be half a foot. All fair, mind you. He never sthruck a foul blow. Thank the Lord, Heddle, before the game was over he took a pass whin he was on the wrong foot, and be the Holy! I was on him like a panther. I played fair too, I didn't bite him. But if there was annything else I didn't do to him I've forgotten it. There was only five minutes more of play, and all that time he never left my side waitin' for a chance. If it had come I'd have wakened up in the morchuary. But it didn't. Whin the game was over we backed away with a certain amount of respect for wan another's rough-house genius. But no love, Heddle.

"It's an ould theery that sport binds nations together. Does it? It might if everybody was a player. But until you can cut up the Sahara into five-acre fields with goalposts, etcethera, you'll always have a thousand spectators to wan player. And it's the spectators that represint the nation.

"I will say that in this counthry we're not inclined to oversthress our partisanship. We want the best team to win and we want that team to be ours. If we lose we don't demand a recount or claim a foul, but at the same time we don't ask our conquerors to leave us a lock of their hair in remimbrance. We'd rather snatch a handful.

"It's human nature, Heddle. We've a great regard for the Austhralians, but it isn't because they've wiped the floor with us at cricket. Mademoiselle from I don't know where—Legleg, or whatever you call her, comes over here and carries away all the tinnis throphies. Some day, suppose an English girl walks into her and beats her to a frazzle. We'll be crazy with delight. But will the Frinch? And will it help the alliance between the two nations? Whin I was a boy Lord Dunraven withdrew his yacht from the race for the America Cup on the grounds that the Yankees weren't playin' the game. What happened? Why, there was more bad blood between the two counthries over this point almost than there has been over annything since, except perhaps the invasion of America be a horde of novelist lecturers from here.

"Last year at the Olympic Games only the intherventionof throops kept several of the contests from becomin' free fights. This season, after the Rugby international in Paris, the referee had to be smuggled out of the ground be a battalion of chashoors, and future referees have conthracted for an Army tank from which to conthrol the game without qualms.

"Sport's a grand thing, Heddle, for every counthry, and I'd rather see a bunch of young fellahs tearin' the lungs out of wan another on a Rugby field than hangin' round dirty night clubs or readin' diseased books about deginerates be deginerates for deginerates.

"But wance you've got contests between nations you get national sintament and pride, and the counthry that's beaten feels humiliated and bad blood is apt to be caused.

"Suppose the Serbs and Bulgars met in the final game for the Balkans Championship, how manny casualty clearing stations would you need, do you think? Or suppose that a team of Japs carried off the Pacific Cup from the Yankees at San Francisco! My God!"

The Late-comer

By Stephen Stothert

When February that fills the dyke
  Grows day by day less winterlike,
A thrill, half joy, half agony,
  Quickens the frost-bound heart to see
Snowdrops unmask their virgin white,
  Its tender gold the aconite.

Comes March, and lightfoot through the world
  Speeds with bright tresses wind-unfurled,
To tinge with red the elm-tree tops
  And wake the windflowers in the copse,
And scatter broadcast o'er the hills
  Glory of dancing daffodils.

Next maiden April, like a bride,
  All smiles and tears; now fain to hide
Her weeping eyes, now blushing bright
  Like her own tulips' red and white;
Then May,—young wifehood at its prime
  Counting the days till lilac-time.

So fair Spring ripens, with her dower
  Of month on month and flower on flower;
Blossoms, through mood on gracious mood,
  To summer's perfect womanhood,
On whose love-hungered bosom glows
  Crimson and passionate, the rose.

But February had gone her way;
  March had made room for April; May
Had bloomed and passed; the year's high noon
  Glowed with the splendour of mid June
Or e'er I came, as Fate had planned,
  Late, and a stranger in the land.

And one had plucked the snowdrop; pressed
  Its shrinking whiteness to his breast;
Another on the April hills
  Had knelt to kiss the daffodils;
While not for one nor two alone
  Tulips had flaunted, lilac blown.

Ah! the lost loveliness of Spring,
  The shy young year's awakening
To life and love, that Fate's decree
  Lavished on them, denied to me!
And yet—no gift the Spring bestows
  But pales to naught beside the rose.

O rose, rose of my heart, the past
  Fades into vagueness, now at last,
Later and less than all the rest,
  I still may wear You at my breast,
Crimson and splendid, for a sign
  That June is here and You are mine.

Knowledge

By Lesley Grey

And so I have a heart. I did not know.
Others might say they loved me, come or go.
But now I give the love I used to take;
And so I know I have a heart, to break.

Beggars Both

By Ethel E. Mannin

THE inner courtyard of the cathedral was quite empty, save for the white pigeons sunning themselves on the paving. The old Spanish verger would have preferred a party to show round, but even if the English *señorita* was alone he was determined that she should miss nothing. Perhaps she would understand that extra English pennies were expected, since he was taking as much pains with her as if she had been a party . . .

He cocked a cunning eye on her as she stood under a grey arch looking at the garden. He observed that she was appreciative, and he broke into a torrent of praise concerning its beauties and the age and history of the cathedral. The Englishwoman looked at him in bewilderment. She did not understand Spanish. And she wanted to be alone. Presently all the tourists of Las Palmas would be dribbling in with their horn-rimmed glasses and their cameras and their banal remarks. . . . She thrust a peseta into the hand of the guide and turned away. When he had disappeared back into the grey twilight of the cathedral she sat down on a low wall under the tracery of the arches.

There were roses in the cathedral garden. She remembered that it would be March in England—but here were roses in riotous profusion, roses and heliotrope and a blaze of bougainvillæa, and high up against the poster blue of the sky the inevitable palm, contradicting the English note struck by the sundial and the pigeons and the roses.

The air was still and warm and drenched with scent. The garden was an oasis of colour set in the grey of the cathedral arches. And one came upon it so unexpectedly —at least, unexpectedly until one learned the gracious Spanish custom of building houses and churches and museums round these courtyard gardens. One came to it through the loftiness of the cathedral, by way of ornate

shrines and altars where old shawled women knelt before the image of the Virgin and mumbled prayers, by way of grey pillars and branching arches, lighted candles, tiled floors, and mosaic ceilings. One came through greyness and an incense-heavy atmosphere, and then suddenly, through a lattice work of small flamboyant arches heavy with half Moorish tracery, one stumbled upon this sunlit courtyard full of flowers flaming to the vivid sky.

It was so beautiful, she thought. One might lose oneself in beauty quiet and deep as this. Grey England, the "grunt and sweat of a weary life," were so far away. They had imagination, these people here in this land of the Fortunate Isles. They built their homes and churches and public buildings round gardens; they came in out of the market-places and the streets to kneel before sacred shrines.

The pigeons wheeled up whitely against the blue; the roses burned in the sunshine; a faint drift of incense came from the shadowiness of the cathedral. This was a place for dreams. . . . There was a light shuffling step on the pavement behind, and the Englishwoman turned her head.

The woman who came shuffling towards her wore the heavy black shawl of the natives; her dress was black and swept the ground; she was thin and bowed, and her face was like wrinkled parchment. What did she in this place of flowers? In there among the shadows and the incense, in company with the serene smile of the Virgin, among the robed priests and in the healing benediction of the cathedral atmosphere, yes, but not here, not in the sunlit gay serenity of the courtyard where the roses bloomed. . . .

She sidled up to the Englishwoman with the familiar whine of "Peseta . . . English money . . . penny. . . ." The Englishwoman looked at her with faint irritation in her eyes. The beggars were the curse of these Fortunate Isles. Even the babies could cry out for pesetas or "English money." The deformed and crippled children were taught to run or limp after tourists and thrust their deformities before them with that cry. It was all rather horrible. One's sense of decency revolted before it. But one did not blame the children so much; they were taught to do that. It was when men and women did it that one's

sense of decency was so outraged. . . . She tried not to see the horribly deformed hands which the woman thrust out before her. She turned away, but the woman limped after her.

She turned round disgustedly . . . and she saw that the woman's eyes were blue. That was curious. Blue eyes, too, were satirical in that wrinkled yellow face. But the mouth . . . the lips were bluish and sagging, but they had been full and Spanish, and the nose was straight. . . .

There was a persistent scent of orange blossom in the garden. She had been faintly aware of it from the beginning, but she had not known then that it was orange blossom. Queerly she knew now. . . . Orange blossom and brides. She wondered if the creature who stood before her had ever been a bride. Why not? There was a time when she had been young. A young girl. It was hard to realise, but it must have been so. There had been a time when she was a child and ran home laughing from school, and played in the sunny streets and sang shrill songs. There had been a time when she was young and gay and happy; when boys had looked at her; and men; when life had been an adventure; a gay stroll through the fair. . . .

Extraordinary. . . . Yet not extraordinary, but aching, tragic.

So they stood together in the cathedral garden, these two women, the Englishwoman, fair-haired, fair-skinned, white-clad, young; and the Spanish woman, white-haired, sallow-skinned, black-clad, old; the Englishwoman straight, strong-limbed, a rose in bloom; the Spanish beggar, bowed, withered, a dead leaf clinging to a stricken tree—a tree in which the sap has long ago dried up. They stood together in the sunshine, among the flowers, and they looked at each other. They could not speak the same tongue; they were North and South; they were of different nations, different countries; they worked out their destinies in different worlds. They had nothing in common . . . but they were both women. One was young . . . and the other had been young.

Something queer passed between them, these two women who could not speak to each other. Something

that to the Englishwoman was terrible and compelling and aching. A thing that sent a tight choking feeling to the throat and washed the sun and colour out of the garden. This other woman's lost girlhood and youth, her lost beauty and dreams and self-reverence, smote her as the doomed beauty of Jerusalem smote Jesus Christ when he rode in triumph on the ass. . . . She could understand how it was that Jesus wept.

She did not know how many pesetas she pushed into the twisted claw-like hand. She did not understand the muttered benedictions of the beggar who shuffled back into the gloom of the cathedral. The pigeons still wheeled whitely against the poster blue, and the roses still burned in the sun. There was a scent of orange blossom. There was something in life that hurt. . . .

Two women in a Spanish garden, the courtyard of a cathedral . . . one of them a beggar, twisted, broken, holding out distorted hands begging alms of an indifferent world . . . and the other—a beggar, too, begging the dream of beauty, and the beauty of dreams, of relentless life.

By Car to India

Extracts from the Log Book of Major F. A. C. Forbes-Leith, F.R.G.S.

(*In January we published an interesting account of the Overland Mail to Baghdad by Squadron Leader Belfield, in which he described his meeting in the desert with Major Forbes-Leith in "Felix II." This has resulted in the following extracts from Major Forbes-Leith's diary being sent to us by a friend, as a natural sequel, and we have much pleasure in bringing the two travellers together again in the pages of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

Major Forbes-Leith, with his companions, having, after many trials and tribulations, successfully piloted "Felix II.," a Wolseley car, across Europe and Asia Minor to Baghdad, entered on the last stage of the long, difficult and dangerous journey, which is described in these notes from his diary. Their route lay across Persia, and ended at Quetta in North-West India.)

"WE left Baghdad with feelings of pleasure and regret—pleasure at the thought of the cool and pleasant weather to come when we left the plains, and regret to leave so many friends, both old and new. It was 110° in the shade at 8 a.m. on the day of our departure, and we left the city in the face of a strong gale, which was like the blast from a furnace door and which covered us with dust, until our faces were like brown masks and our skin and lips cracked and sore. But what a road! Just try to imagine a road absolutely flat and as wide and long as the eye can carry. Such was the desert between Baghdad and Bakuba, where we made a crossing of the Diala river. Not a bump or snag of any kind, and one's speed is only limited by the capacity and amount of respect you have for your engine. It is a peculiar sensation, going 'all out' over hard alluvial desert, and you have the feeling continually that you are presently coming to the edge and going over it.

The mirage was very fine, and as we came into sight of Bakuba the fringe of palm-trees by the Diala was distorted into islands in a glorious smooth sea, which continually receded as we approached it. Felix hummed that 32 miles in under the hour and arrived at the river with a cool radiator. Thence the desert was more difficult, sand patches more frequent, and also, the greatest bane to cars, deep holes full of fine dust, which appeared to be like flat desert, into which you bump without any warning. At midday we arrived at Sharaban."

Between the Iraq frontier post and Kasi-i-Shiran they went through the most dangerous part of the journey.

"It is alternately raided by Bedouins, Persians, and Kurds, who then fight each other for the loot obtained. Chief of these gentry is Khan Fathi Beg, a Kurd, and in the week previous to our passing there had been four raids. Three weeks before a car driven by an Arab and full of passengers was held up. The driver fired and hit Khan Fathi Beg above the eye, whereupon the band killed and mutilated all the party. If unopposed they merely strip the unfortunate traveller of every stitch of clothing and leave him in the burning sun, which to a European means certain death. The Inspector and also the Commander of the Persian post insisted on accompanying us to see us safely into Kasi-i-Shiran. None of us were tired of life, so, with revolvers on our knees ready, I made up my mind that if speed and fast going were anything that would help us, they would not be lacking, and for that 20 miles I profoundly apologise to poor old 'Felix.' It was the roughest 20 miles I have given him on the whole journey, but he did not grouse, and took the drive over the bad and hilly road in the manner that does justice to his breed."

From Kasi-i-Shiran they followed "the wonderful motor road built by the British during the war and which the Persians are keeping in fine condition." A few hours brought them to Mount Alvand (14,000 ft.), whose wooded slopes reminded them of Surrey lanes. On through Kasvin to Tehran. Here Mr. Wroe had to be left suffering from fever. The journey was continued across the great salt deserts of Central Persia. "Every well was salt . . . even tea could not disguise it."

Passing through scenes of alternate splendour and squalor, they approached Shiraz.

"We were proceeding at 7 m.p.h. along a good track when from the cover of trees on both sides of the road we saw horsemen galloping across our track 100 yards away. There were about twenty of them, well armed and mounted, and I confess that my heart sank into my boots and I had a very nasty feeling of funk. To stop and fight would have been worse than foolish with our two rifles, and to turn round was impossible, and the only thing was to try to run through them. We felt that their horses would probably not face the car, and I bumped down the accelerator and trusted to luck. They waved their rifles at us hard and motioned us to stop, but we shot forward, taking a terrible bump *en route*, and as we increased speed I found myself wondering how it would affect the old car to hit a horse broadside on. That we had to chance, but as we approached them they split and I missed one big fellow by a fraction of an inch. They turned and started after us firing, but luckily without effect. At 28 and 30 miles an hour they were almost level with us, and we emptied our rifles at them without any idea of aim. Gradually I worked up to 35 m.p.h., and by the greatest bit of luck we hit a long patch of thick dust. I could not see what was happening, but Radnap said that our dust screen saved us, and that no horsemen could have followed us, without being blinded, for any time. I have a faint recollection of looking over my shoulder and seeing one big fellow against the back of the car; but, to be candid, we never stopped running until the road was so narrow that no sensible robber would follow us where only two could ride abreast, and we put a good ten miles between ourselves and them before we halted to wipe the perspiration off and to indulge in a little Dutch courage. Felix helped us out of our troubles again, and I am certain that I jumped watercourses at 35 m.p.h. that, in the ordinary way, I should have crawled over at 5 m.p.h., and we were more than relieved to find that there was no damage."

Felix was now near the end of his long journey. There were some more minor worries and misadventures, but

"As we came up the last rise to Mastung we were given a cordial welcome by Major Arthur and a Mr. Smith of

Quetta, who had come out to meet us. We were then on a perfect motor road, the first since Karsiman in North Persia, and I was as nervous as a kitten. I felt that having surmounted all our difficulties, something bad would be sure to happen. Several more cars met us, one with Mrs. and Miss Smith and a good lunch which we were too nervous to eat, so after a bottle of cool beer we pushed on. Over the railway line, past a military camp, broad streets and rows of bungalows. Were we? No! I felt sure we were dreaming. We were really *there, there, there.*

"It does not seem five and a half months since we left the old country, and we have had a hard job. From Italy to North Persia there were practically no roads. At the end of our journey it seemed impossible to finish, but we always kept our noses in the right direction. To those few critics of our efforts who have been unkind enough to suggest that there is nothing in it, my only retort is, try yourself. We have covered 8,527 miles, 2,850 without road or track, 1,500 miles of waterless desert, 249 miles of railway sleepers, 100 miles on bottomless sand. From Fiume onwards the only good roads are in North Persia for 500 miles from Khamkin to Tehran, and it has been anything but a joy ride."

American Glimpses*

V.—Women's Groups

By William A. Robson

I HAVE never ceased to wonder at and admire the range of activities of the American married woman. There she is, the feminine head of the household, with a husband, children, and a home to look after. Thus far she resembles her English sister, except that she usually has to do most of the housekeeping herself, and has not two or three servants to help her, which is the normal thing in English middle-class life. But despite this lack of help she is much less preoccupied and overburdened with the task of running the home, and somehow finds time not merely to dash about in an automobile by herself, but also to take an interest in public affairs.

All over the United States in the towns and cities are to be found Women's Forums and women's clubs, associations whose function is chiefly that of keeping women (and matrons in particular) abreast of the social and political and religious questions of the day, both at home and abroad. The women go to afternoon or midday meetings week after week; they sit there, looking up at the speaker (sometimes through a film of knitting or needlework), and appear so intelligent, so wise, so unassailable that he, though usually a visiting lecturer believed to possess special knowledge, may well feel diffident. How frightened I felt the first time I faced such an audience! I had never seen anything like it in England. I tried to gain courage by repeating to myself that magic phrase of Bertrand Russell's: "The frail barque of reason afloat upon an ocean of insanity!" But it was no good. It didn't fit. There was sanity, enlightenment, appreciation, and a considerable acquaintance with world affairs in the audience before me.

* Copyright U.S.A.

Internationalism at The Hague

By Norman Bentwich
(Attorney-General of Palestine)

THE spirit of Grotius lives on in Holland; and The Hague, which was the seat of the two pre-war Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907, maintains its pride of place in the development of international law.

Geneva may have become the seat of the League of Nations and the scene of the spectacular assemblies; but the International Court of Justice, which is the work-a-day instrument of the League, has its sittings at The Hague in the Palace of Peace which Andrew Carnegie, anticipating the League, presented to the world. The Court holds its regular sittings from June to September, in the season when the national courts are having their vacation, and it sits on till it has finished its roll of pending cases. It has at present three suits before it, in one of which the parties are Great Britain and Greece. The suit concerns the obligation of the Government of Palestine towards a Greek concessionaire who had obtained from the Turkish Government prior to the war a concession for the supply of water and electric light for Jerusalem; and the Court has already given its decision on the preliminary point of jurisdiction, holding that it is entitled to consider the claimant's case.

No court meets in more dignified or reposeful surroundings; each of the fifteen judges has his room decorated with the gifts of one or other grateful State, and by his side is the great international library of the Palace, while without is a lovely Dutch garden in which to meditate. And there is something inspiring in the aspect of a Court containing a judge from each of the Great Powers and from a number of the smaller Powers, and sitting under the presidency of the Dutch jurist, Judge Loder, which holds an inquiry into disputes between States with the same tranquillity and impartiality with

which the judges of the King's Bench or of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council inquire into disputes between the subjects of the Crown.

The International Court, however, is only one aspect of the international activity at The Hague. There is permanently at work an office known as the International Intermediary Institute, which aims to be a clearing-house for questions of international law, and to make exact information about international or foreign law available for the Governments and jurists of all countries. Its object, as stated in its statute, is to supply information on all questions of international importance, whether on international law or foreign law and jurisprudence, or on economic and commercial policy. The Institute was founded in 1918 by a number of Dutch jurists and merchant princes as a kind of thank-offering for Holland having kept out of the war, and with the hope that the diffusion of the knowledge of international law will be an agency for peace and understanding between nations. This laboratory of international jurisprudence is freely used, and the Institute by the end of last year had answered about fifteen hundred questions that were addressed to it.

The Hague, too, has, besides its Court of International Justice and its laboratory of international jurisprudence, its Academy of International Law, which is held each year in the Palace of Peace during the summer months. It is the Carnegie foundation that has enabled the establishment of the Academy, which is designed to be a summer school for the scientific study of international questions. The lecturers and the students come from all countries, and the courses are free. The language of the lectures is at present French; though, as a number of the lecturers are English-speaking and a large number of the students understand English more thoroughly than French, there would appear to be a good case for following the precedent of the International Court of Justice and recognising English and French equally as the international languages. The subjects of the lectures cover the whole field of international law and international effort; but have particularly in view the problems and developments of our own day. It will be sufficient to name the courses given this last year by English jurists: Mr. Vaughan Williams, K.C., has

given a course on the methods of diplomatic work; Mr. Jesse Reeves, a course upon the structure of the international community; Sir John Fischer Williams, K.C., a course on international financial co-operation; and Dr. Bellot a course on the Anglo-Saxon theory of the conflict of laws. The students are partly young lawyers, but partly also officials and men in various Government and diplomatic services who are sent to The Hague by their Governments. The Academy, on the one hand, and the Intermediary Institute on the other, are remarkable examples of the diffusion and the pursuit of knowledge of international law for its own sake.

Close to The Hague lies the old-world town of Leyden, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the great legal university of Western Europe. There the Roman law was imparted in Latin by authoritative jurists of the Netherlands to students from all countries; there many of the Scottish judges and our own Goldsmith and Fielding imbibed legal science. To-day, on the one hand, the law of nations has become more varied in its development, and, on the other hand, the world has become in an immeasurable degree more closely linked up. Holland, now as then, is a school of humanity, and The Hague is the chosen city where men of all countries may learn the common elements and tendencies which run through the legislative systems of our day, and where they may cultivate both the theory and the practice of the new and more extended international order.

Sunday Evening in the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

Theatre of the Cave of Harmony. (Court.)
Peter and Paul. by Harold Rubinstein. (Play Actors, Scala.)
The Assignation. (Phœnix Society, Aldwych.)
The Bright Island, by Arnold Bennett. (Stage Society, Aldwych.)

WHILE the commercial theatre is busy seeking the greatest common denominator of artistic appreciation which will serve its promoters' ends equally well at the shareholders' meetings and the judgment seat, the task of presenting that English dramatic literature which is unblessed by such dual acceptation is left largely in the hands of various private societies who invade the West End theatres on Sunday evenings for that excellent purpose. Truth to tell, they serve many other functions. Quietly and unostentatiously they break the Sabbath whilst leaving the law of the Sabbath intact; they make a like skilful detour around the laws of censorship; they give actors otherwise doomed to stultifying repetition in "long runs" an opportunity of keeping their work fresh with continual new parts; they give enthusiastic newcomers to the stage as much hard work as they need; they try out before the managerial eyes plays which else must be judged from manuscripts; and by that broad-minded interpretation of the word "private," which enables anyone with a few shillings for tickets and the foresight and energy to obtain them in advance, they provide a mid-course between the Scylla of the church service and the Charybdis of an ever-open kinema. Indeed, the history has yet to be written of the service to the English theatre and the English theatregoer which these societies have performed. Only a glance at the magnificent list of plays produced by, say, the Stage Society will indicate what we should inevitably have lost but for the work of such a body.

Of recent Sunday Nights' Entertainments there has

been none happier than that at the Court Theatre given by the Theatre of the Cave of Harmony. This, in fact, was off the beaten track even of these productions, for the Cave of Harmony is famous now in London Bohemian circles as a real London cabaret, where amid dance and chatter and quite innocuous coffee-drinking in the wee small hours of Sunday morning are interspersed playlets, and burlesques and exhibitions in mime, song and dance, such as the Chauve Souris or the Blue Bird might present. The Court performance (to be repeated, it is hoped and rumoured) is a collection of these "turns." It was splendid fun, moving between the heights of Pirandello's *Man with the Flower in his Mouth* and Aldous Huxley's *Happy Families* and the low comedy depths of music hall turns of the variety of "I'm none o' yer 'ighty flighty girls." Somewhere between was a burlesque of Sicilian melodrama, a revival of *Box and Cox*, folk songs, dances, and other items, and over all was a spirit of enormous fun and vitality.

Intellectually the *tour de force* of the evening was the Pirandello playlet. Not only was it a magnificent piece of acting by Ernest Milton, but it gave us a rare chance of seeing a piece of work by one of Europe's very greatest dramatists, whose *Six Characters in Search of an Author* is only known here through the Stage Society's production, and *Henry the Fourth* through the Marlowe Society at Cambridge. Pirandello has managed in a handful of plays to say as much about the workings of the human mind as the pedants in their tomes of psychology. Until he wrote we should have doubted whether it were possible to present dramatically the query "What is reality?" which is the keynote of his work. The Cave of Harmony Theatre, apart from its provision of an ideal variety show, deserves our thanks for introducing the Italian dramatist to a London audience for the second time.

Linked to this by the bonds of philosophic intention is Harold Rubinstein's *Peter and Paul*, which the Play Actors gave us the opportunity of seeing. This play, which was published early last year in Benn's excellent series, is a shade too serious in intention for the managerial mind, and the fact that it departs from the straightforward four-act technique of naturalism is also against it in this country. Its story of the parallel lives of the Englishman yearning

for the ways of genius but caught up in the dull domestic round, and the Scandinavian yearning for quiet home life but doomed to the torture of genius, of their discontented fulfilment of each other's desires, and the chorus "on another plane" which makes destiny articulate, forms an interesting play. Its chief fault lies in the fact that the fascinating idea tends to become a procrustean bed for the characters, and in a failure to raise the language to adequate heights. But with those faults admitted, it remains one of the worth-while plays by a young English dramatist, and the Play Actors are to be congratulated for having produced it.

To the manner of their production of this particular play one cannot, alas, extend this congratulation, in spite of some excellent acting by J. H. Roberts and Franklin Dyall. There were, one learns, extenuating circumstances in that the theatre had not been available for a dress rehearsal (it is this sort of amazing difficulty with which these Sunday societies heroically struggle), but certainly to the audience the inaudibility of the prologue, the underlighting of the first act, the unnecessary waits whilst the stage was encumbered with very unconvincing furniture, proved serious handicaps to the enjoyment of Mr. Rubinstein's play. The theatre, too, was the wrong size; we wanted the intimate Court again for such a play.

Of the productions of the Phœnix Society one is tempted to say "on the other hand." They are always excellently produced. The society exists to present the Elizabethan and Restoration drama, and has already given us over a score of these old plays. The caste, the permanent setting by Norman Wilkinson, the costumes are alike excellent. And yet, and yet. Perhaps this indecorous drama is a matter of individual taste. I confess that it very frequently bores me, and as I watch my elderly neighbours (vast numbers of expensive-looking old ladies and gentlemen seem to congregate under the wing of the Phœnix), as I watch them shaking with mirth at each improper joke or suggestive sally, I wonder whether a Puritan upbringing or a too thorough acquaintance with scientific works on sexual psychology has destroyed my sense of humour. Perhaps it is merely a clouding memory of

"doing" these very plays in airless college lecture halls. But whatever it is, and in spite of my realisation of the glorious burgeoning of language from these dunghills of intrigue, I can only remember two or three occasions when the Phœnix productions thrilled me. Dryden's *Assignation: or, Love in a Nunnery*, was not one of these; so far as I was concerned "It succeeded ill in the representation," as Dryden himself says in the preface, although Dorothy Massingham's acting and that of Frederick Peisley at moments charmed me out of this detachment.

Of all these Sunday producing societies, however, there is none so important as The Stage Society. For a quarter of a century it has been making theatrical history, and even when it produces a dull or a poor play the dullness or poverty is only relative to what we expect from its own high standard. Now it has given us the chance of seeing Arnold Bennett's *The Bright Island*. As production and acting it was a memorable joy. Komisarjevsky's name as producer insured the former, and a cast which included Isobel Jeans, Felix Aylmer, Michael Sherbrooke, Brember Wills and Jeanne de Casalis, the latter. Brember Wills as a bicycle-riding revolutionary Prime Minister was exquisite farce, as Arthur Pusey's languid majesty was exquisite comedy.

Arnold Bennett's own contribution to the evening was not conspicuously successful. He has erected an elegant scaffolding for satire—and omitted to build anything. One of his characters is told: "You're not saying anything; you're making a noise like a man of fifty." And as the play went on we began to apply the graceless quotation to the author. The framework of the story—two explorers adrift on an unknown island, watching its highly civilised political organism pass through successive revolutions—gave an observer of life such as Mr. Bennett every opportunity for real satire on social and political life. We may be forgiven for disappointment that he missed his chance. But we enjoyed the performance because the Stage Society takes care that we do. The Society remains the most excellent of our Sunday Night's Entertainers.

"Christian Socialism" Exposed

By the Rev. J. Worsley Boden
(Of Holy Trinity, Kingsway)

THE ENGLISH REVIEW is ever quick to detect and to decry any public utterance or action which suggests that the Church is coquetting with Socialism. When, therefore, the Conference on (Christian) Politics, Economics and Citizenship, known as "Copec," which was held in Birmingham last April, presented a speculative programme of "Christian Socialism" for the revolution of the system under which we live, it could hardly escape the censure of this REVIEW. On this occasion we are to take account of a Bishop's condemnation of "Copec." This is the Primary Charge of Dr. Hensley Henson, the latest occupant of the throne of the Prince Bishops of Durham.* It was delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Durham in November, 1924, and will take high rank among the Charges of English Bishops. The first part of it is ecclesiastical. The second consists of what is probably the acutest piece of criticism which the policy of "Copec" has evoked.

Nobody would be likely to question the Bishop's explanation of the cause of this movement. The discontent which everywhere followed the Great War found vent in a desire to reconstruct the whole system which was presumed to have produced it. This "reconstruction" was to take effect in political, social, economic and ecclesiastical life.

> Ecclesiastical discontent expressed itself in two directions. It aspired to recast the practical system of the Church; and it sought to provide an alternative to the version of Christianity currently presented. The one aim was embodied in the Enabling Act, the other has found conspicuous expression in "Copec." (*v.* Charge, Part I, pp. 16, 17.)

* *Quo Tendimus?* The Primary Charge of Herbert Hensley Henson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

We are all agreed that the conditions of life might be much better than they are. Any fool can see that many things are wrong. Any fanatic can recount the "sins" of his generation. We know that the generation which won the war has received no very generous treatment at the hands of those whom it suffered to save. At the present time nearly one million ex-Service men are out of work, or getting only irregular work, and seem generally not to be wanted. A large proportion of the population is unhoused. Regular employment and adequate housing are the two most pressing needs in the current life of this country. To the removal of present discontents two courses offer themselves: change of system and change of temper. The postulate of Christianity is that change of temper must precede change of system; that without change of temper no change of system will be of any avail; and that in fact the change of temper may well make the change of system superfluous. For example, the experiment of greater magnanimity towards ex-Service men on the part of employers might well justify itself, and a more generous temper on the part of certain Trade Unions would go far to improve the state of unemployment and the progress of building. But the postulate of "Christian Socialism," which seems to be the postulate of "Copec," is that the change of system must at all costs be secured first. The impression made by "Copec" is that Christianity is to be resolved into measures of policy and codes of conduct. "Copec" aims at the formulation of a Directory of Christian Duty to the adoption of which the citizen is to be driven by "corporate discipline."

"Copec" proceeds to issue its Reports on the assumption that

> the Christian faith rightly interpreted and consistently followed, gives the vision and the power essential for solving the problems of to-day. . . . Christianity has proved itself to possess also a motive power for the transformation of the individual, without which no change of policy or method can succeed. (*v.* "Copec" Reports, *passim.*)

"Copec" thus, indeed, makes the concession that however excellent be the system, if the hearts of men are wrong the system will go wrong. But this concession does not quite establish "Copec" in our confidence, for, as the Bishop of Durham observes:—

> "The transformation of the individual" is placed second instead of first, and yet it is precisely the primacy of individual transformation that is distinctive of Christ's method. (*v.* Charge, p. 85.)

And, as he goes on effectively to show, the meaning of this assumption of "Copec" is ambiguous. Does it merely mean that if all men were sincere Christians the world's problems would be solved? If so, "Copec" offers us a pious platitude. It is probably the case that if all men were sincere Christians half the world's problems would never come into being. But this cannot surely be all that so elaborate a system of study circles and conferences and reports intended to convey. If, however, "Copec" meant the alternative, *i.e.*, that

> apart from any such sincere acceptance of Christianity, the vision and power which Christians may draw from their religion can be made available for solving the world's problems (*v.* Charge, p. 86),

then, as the Bishop maintains, "the statement is perilously false." For "Copec" is concerned not only with the improvement of Christian life within the Christian society.

> It enters the arena of current politics, formulates for Christians an elaborate programme of civic action covering the whole field of the national life, and proposes this programme for acceptance as the policy of a nation. . . .

and thus repeats the cardinal error of the Puritan *régime* in England in the seventeenth century.

There is between the assumption of "Copec" and the contention of the Christian critics of "Copec" a subtle yet serious difference. Both are agreed that in Christ's religion lies the secret of society's regeneration. But, *pace* "Copec," Christian discipleship does not carry knowledge or intellectual capacity to solve problems which arise in what is called the secular sphere. We do not find in the Gospel a complete answer to all the questions which confront us, or a complete solution of all the problems which oppress us. There are other sources of revelation; as well the lights of science and philosophy, of history and political thought, as of religion. As the Bishop puts it:—

> The New Testament is not a manual of universal truth. Within its own sphere it is supreme, but there are other spheres in which the attempt to assert its supremacy can only lead to disaster. (*v.* Charge, p. 88.)

The world's problems must be solved by their appropriate experts. But Christ's religion brings the spirit of

goodwill and creates the atmosphere of welcome to truth and right, in which alone the experts can reduce the problems to an acceptable and workable solution. "Copec" was probably driving at this truth. But "Copec" was impatient, and obscured the true place of Christianity with a mediæval theory of theological competence. The theory of "Copec" ignores the new sources of truth and knowledge, with which we have to bring our theology up to date. On the basis of the "fundamental principles of the New Testament," for example, "Copec" revolts against Nationality, and thus allows the Bishop to bring "Copec" into unequal conflict with the reasoned judgments of Professor McDougall's *Ethics and Some Modern World Problems*.

The theory of racial equality is a grotesque enough exhibition of the neglect of common sense. But the fallacious theorising of "Copec" comes to a head in the practical issue of Industrialism. It is here, perhaps, that the destructive temper of "Copec" will be most apparent to English readers, and here that the Bishop's criticism is the most acute and effective. "In truth," he writes,

> "Copec" appears to be pursuing two mutually incompatible objects. On the one hand, it desires to carry out a great amelioration of the conditions under which the people are living, and to do this by appropriating on a great scale the vast wealth which the industrial system creates. On the other hand, it aspires to bring that wealth-creating system to an end, and to replace it by some other system which, however in other respects superior, would be confessedly lacking in precisely those elements which have most stimulated the creation of wealth. (*v.* Charge, p. 98.)

The danger of the policy which "Copec" has ventilated is lest the last state of British industry should be worse than the first. The reading of the "Copec" Reports suggested to the Bishop at every turn that a previous question ought to have been asked and answered:—

> *How do you propose to guarantee to British industry the possession of those foreign markets apart from which it cannot proceed?* (*v.* Charge, p. 101.)

But "Copec" appears to have been oblivious of the real problem which now confronts the nation, and, after advocating the most drastic revolution in the existing system, passed a final resolution asking for "a searching enquiry into the causes of unemployment," in order to find out "the changes, if any, in our financial,

economic and industrial system, which are desirable and practicable"!

If this be thought an ineffective anti-climax to the enunciation of pretentious policies, we need but turn to Dryden:—

> **For Churchmen, though they itch to govern all,**
> **Are silly, woful, awkward politicians.**

But "Copec" still pursues its purpose in sectional conferences, and means to go ahead with its programme of industrial revolution and international equality, its educational proposals which only an additional heavy taxation can render possible, and its recommendation to Christian people to press for local option—which is the rudiment of prohibition of alcoholic liquor. Such is "Copec's" conception of the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth! Truly "Copec" furnished a field day for the fanatics who are so impatient of the deliberate process by which Christ's religion works that they must find a short cut to a premature millennium and hustle the nation through it by force. For "Copec," with all its pacifist pretensions, has fallen a victim to the fallacy of force, which it would otherwise be ready and eager to expose. These reforming policies, with their resort to "corporate discipline," may well be carried beyond the patience of a liberty-loving people, and provoke a measure of violence against the whole cause of Christianity with which "Copec" has presumed to associate itself. In these conditions we must be grateful to the Bishop of Durham for the penetrating and courageous criticism which has exposed the fallacies of "Copec" and done so much to rescue Christianity from a false and dangerous association.

The Vanished Cities of Arabia*

By Rt. Hon. Lord Raglan

MRS. STEUART-ERSKINE'S book consists chiefly of a description of the remains of the cities of Petra, Kerak, Madeba, Amman and Jerash, all of them situated in the territory now known as Trans-Jordania.

The title of the book is somewhat misleading, firstly because these cities have not vanished—their ruins remain to astonish and delight us—and secondly because they are not, strictly speaking, in Arabia. It is true that the territory round Petra was once known as Arabia Petræa, and that the Emperor Trajan included all this area in a province to which he gave the grandiose title of Arabia; but at nearly all periods of its history it has been considered as part of Syria, and not of Arabia proper. The title of the book is apt to suggest the mythical cities of the Empty Quarter or the vanished Sabæan civilisation of the Yemen.

The book is a disappointing one. It is written in a very disjointed manner and is full of inaccuracies of every description. On page 11 we are told that the Moslems conquered Palestine from the Persians. The legend of Mohammed's visit to Basra is not only accepted as a fact, as, indeed, it may be, but the scene of his courtship is, against all probability, also placed there. We are told that Mushatta stands in the heart of the desert. As a fact, it is surrounded by arable land, and even now there are a dozen villages of cultivators within half a dozen miles of it. On page 246 we are told how Alexander Jannæus took Jerash. A few lines further on we are told that owing to the damage done to the fortifications by Alexander, the city fell an easy prey to the troops of Vespasian. Anyone might suppose that a few months instead of a hundred and fifty years separated the two sieges, especially as in the next sentence we are back in

* Hutchinson and Co. 25s. net.

the time of Pompey. On page 193 we are told that "the ruins (of Amman) are interesting as coming from different periods; starting with the Ammonite foundations of the walls of the citadel, they include Byzantine, Greco-Roman, Jewish, Sasanian, Moslem, as well as the prehistoric cave dwellings and dolmens that have been noticed." In her description of this and the other cities, Mrs. Steuart-Erskine follows the same chronological method, or absence of method, jumping backwards and forwards from age to age till one is apt to find oneself wondering whether, for example, the Moslem conquest preceded the Roman. Mis-spellings of Greek and Roman names, such as Perdiccus for Perdiccas, and Aelius Capitolinus for Aelia Capitolina, are frequent, and Arabic names and words are often mis-spelt and mistranslated. The same name is often spelt differently on successive pages. Thus Salkhad appears as Salkhat on page 227, and Salchad on page 229. When we find "ibex" appearing as "ibis" we realise that these slips are due largely to failure to read the proofs.

As regards the accuracy of the architectural details I am not qualified to speak. Here, again, the facts are given in so disjointed a manner that it is not easy to form a clear idea of the features of any particular period.

Mrs. Steuart-Erskine is the possessor of a pleasant literary style and of the faculty of observation. She has collected a large quantity of interesting information, and had she taken a little more time and trouble, her book, graced by Major Benton Fletcher's admirable illustrations, would have been a very valuable one. As it is, though pleasant and interesting enough to skim through, it is useless either for serious study or for reference.

The ruined cities of south-eastern Syria fall into two classes, the Decapolis, the remains of which are almost exclusively Greco-Roman, and those further south, where the remains are a mixture of Nabatæan, Greco-Roman, Crusading and Saracenic styles. Of the former I have visited all the sites that are known. Mrs. Steuart-Erskine describes Amman and Jerash, which are undoubtedly the most interesting, but there is also much to be seen at Qanawat, where during the miserable Feisal *régime* I actually saw pillars being pulled down and cut up; at

Gadara (Mukeis), where there are the remains of a fine amphitheatre, etc.; and at Scythopolis (Beisan), now being excavated by American archæologists. At the others there is little to be seen except a few recumbent pillars and pieces of walling; but all offer a splendid field to the excavator. The system of underground aqueducts which brought water to Gadara, Abila, Capitolias and Arbela is still extant and well worthy of investigation. Bostra (Bosra) does not appear to have been actually one of the cities of the Decapolis, though it was in their area, but is also extremely interesting. It contains an almost perfect Greek theatre, surrounded by a fortress in the Gothic style, which is believed to have been built by the Saracens at the time of the Crusades. There are also two gigantic reservoirs, no doubt constructed to contain water for the Roman Legion which was quartered there. The area of the Decapolis, now absurdly cut into three by the boundaries between French Syria, Palestine, and Trans-Jordania, contains many other sites of historical and archæological interest, which it is hoped will now be more fully explored. One of the difficulties, however, is that in many cases villages have been built on these sites. This is especially the case of Deraa, where the famous underground city has all been partitioned off into store houses. With the exception of this underground city, remarkably few traces have been found of any civilisations older than the Greek. The region must have contained a large population in the time of the Amorites, and also of the Israelites, yet when the Greeks who followed Alexander the Great into Asia decided to settle there they seem to have found it deserted. They built thriving cities, which, though they suffered a temporary setback in the time of the Maccabees, entered on a new era of prosperity after the Roman conquest, and appear to have attained their most flourishing period in the Antonine age. After this their prosperity seems gradually to have declined, and at the time of the Moslem conquest they were able to offer little opposition. Their destruction was completed by the hordes of Carismians and Mongols which overran the country at the time of the Crusades, and it was not till the nineteenth century, when Turkish rule began to assert itself, that towns and villages again arose on their sites.

From the archæological point of view, it would have been better had they not done so.

The cities further south, Petra, Dibon, Aroer, etc., afford a perhaps even more promising field to the excavator than those mentioned above, for two reasons: firstly, because there are no modern buildings to interfere with the work of excavation; and, secondly, because, while much is known about the Greek civilisation in Asia, mystery still surrounds the Moabites, Sabæans, Nabatæans and other early inhabitants of this southern region. If Mrs. Steuart-Erskine's book should serve to attract explorers and excavators to this most promising field, it will have performed a work more than sufficient to excuse its shortcomings.

Books.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE WYNDHAM. By J. W. MACKAIL and GUY WYNDHAM. Hutchinson. 2 vols. 42*s*.

GEORGE WYNDHAM not inaptly described himself as "an artist who has allowed himself to drift into politics"; he ultimately reached the conclusion that public life was "very useful as an education for private enterprise." He was for ever torn between poetry and politics—drawn towards the one by temperament and talent, but bound to the other by patriotic fervour and a strong sense of public duty. He was perhaps the last of the Conservatives as well as of the Romantics—a very fine type in every way, physically, mentally, and spiritually. The Letters, selected by his much-loved brother, constitute at least two-thirds of the work; but the Life, narrated by Prof. Mackail in little more than a hundred pages, tells Wyndham's story with skill and sympathy, and now and then a touch of epigram. The Prelude of Ancestry illustrates "the mixed and crossed traditions" among which George Wyndham was brought up—the Scottish, Irish, and French strains which modified his English stock and added vividness and imaginative sympathy to its strength and stability. After a brief military career, including active service in Egypt, he became private secretary to Mr. (Lord) Balfour when Chief Secretary for Ireland, and quickly formed with him a lifelong personal and political friendship. During the most strenuous period of the Boer War Wyndham was Lord Lansdowne's representative in the Commons, and his spirited speeches as Under-Secretary for War not only impressed the House and its leader, but heartened the soldiers in South Africa. Though Ireland soon became his chief political sphere, he always took an active interest in Service questions, commanded a Yeomanry regiment, and was one of the few who quite early in the century prepared for a war with Germany as an inevitable certainty. As Irish Secretary he came nearer to settling the Irish question than any other statesman, and he may be said to have sacrificed his political prospects by his devotion to his own ideals regarding it. But he was "overcome by the sorcery of the island," and his sympathetic zeal inspired misconception among certain sections of his party, who wrongly suspected him of treachery to the Unionist cause; so that, in his own words, he was "murdered politically as a reformer in Ireland." (The Note by Mr. Hornibrook, Wyndham's secretary, to Appendix A contains an ample vindication.) Yet, though after his resignation in 1905, only loyalty to his old chief and to a party now in distress, kept Wyndham in politics; he became increasingly successful as a platform speaker, and was one of the most energetic advocates of fiscal reform. He was, however, more of a Balfourian than a Chamberlainite.

looking upon Tariff Reform as a means rather than an end in itself. In the crisis of 1911 he was prominent among the Diehards and was much discouraged by their defeat on the Parliament Bill in the Lords. After that his letters are full of distaste for politics, in which he only remained for sheer love of the fight. One of his latest utterances was "Party politics leave me cold. But the countryside of England and the literature of Europe make me glow."

Although Wyndham's Letters printed in these volumes number more than 600 (exclusive of those in the appendices), it must be said that scarce one could be spared. Here is fare for all tastes, political philosophy and discussion, highly suggestive literary criticism, lively descriptions of hunting in England and Ireland, wit, humour, poetry, expression of human emotion—and throughout the revelation of a most charming, vivid, affectionate personality. Among the earlier letters those describing his campaign with the Coldstreams in the Eastern Soudan, where he acquired a "Crusader's sword" and learnt particulars of Burnaby's death from a sergeant who saw it, will be read with interest not less than that excited by the writer's early experiences in Ireland with Mr. Balfour The longest of all the letters is that which describes the extraordinarily warm reception of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in Ireland in 1903. An equally vivacious piece of narration is Wyndham's account of his own experiences when he delivered his address as Lord Rector at Glasgow in the following year. Among many notable literary epistles we may, perhaps, single out a criticism of *Hamlet* addressed to the writer's mother; an excursus on Style to his sister Pamela, and a masterly analysis of the spirit of the late eighteenth century, also for her benefit; an interesting criticism of *Cyrano de Bergerac* to Mr. Whibley; and various penetrating observations on Romanticism apropos of his own Edinburgh address on that subject. Mr. Mackail allows Wyndham his claim to keen imaginative appreciation of the past, but not that of "seeing it as a whole philosophically," and deems his speeches somewhat over-elaborated. But he considers that, despite his premature death (he was not quite fifty), he had "fulfilled his life and had retained throughout it the enthusiasm and adventurousness of youth, tempered in its latter years by increasing patience, consideration, and wisdom." It is certain that "whatever record leap to light he never shall be shamed," either as statesman or man of letters.

MEMORIALS OF ALBERT VENN DICEY. Edited by ROBERT S. RAIT. Macmillan. 12*s*. 6*d*.

DICEY'S *Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution* is a constitutional classic that will ensure a welcome for these judiciously edited Memorials.

A fragment of autobiography tells the story of a home education in an atmosphere favourable to early political development on a Whig basis. Dicey's mother (to whom he owed much) was a Stephen, aunt of the late Sir Leslie, and his father a Senior Wrangler, who was proprietor and editor of the *Northampton Mercury*, which had belonged to the family since its foundation in 1720. At Oxford he himself was a pupil of

Jowett, and among his Balliol intimates were T. H. Green, Swinburne, and John Nichol. During a tour in Germany in 1862 he began a lifelong friendship with Henry Sidgwick, whose Ad Eundem Club, meeting alternately at Cambridge and Oxford, he joined a few years later, though his chief friend was the future Lord Bryce. Before his election to the Vinerian chair in 1881, he had practised at the Bar and written a good deal for the *Spectator* and other papers. In 1885 appeared his *Law of the Constitution*, and in the following year his trenchant indictment of Home Rule from the British standpoint, which won the warm commendation of John Bright and the courteous attention of Gladstone. Its fairness was acknowledged even by the Nationalists.

Sir Charles Oman supplies an account of Dicey's connection with All Souls, and the late Hon. Arthur Elliot an estimate of his political services to the Unionist cause, to which also there are interesting references in his own printed letters. His second visit to America is the subject of another notable chapter of the book, the remainder of which is chiefly made up of letters to Bryce, Mrs. Litchfield (a daughter of Darwin), the late Professor Ker, Lady Farrer, Professor Rait, and his own wife. These contain a good deal of penetrating political, literary, and social criticism, revealing a personality and gift for friendship that deserve commemoration. The charm of his conversation is described by Mrs. Sidgwick, and his services to the Working Men's College, of which he was Principal for thirteen years, by Sir Charles Lucas.

THE EARL-BISHOP. By W. S. CHILDE-PEMBERTON. Hurst and Blackett. 2 vols. 42*s*.

THIS life of Frederick Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Londonderry, is a painstaking piece of biography which would have gained greatly by compression. It is very handsomely illustrated with portraits and views of the sumptuous mansions built by its subject in Suffolk and Northern Ireland. The Earl-Bishop was the most remarkable member of a remarkable family, eccentric to the verge of madness, but endowed with no slight abilities. The English holder of an Irish see who took a real interest in his diocese (though for the last twelve years of his life he never set foot in it); an Irish Protestant bishop who worked with some success for the relaxation of the penal laws affecting both Roman Catholics and Dissenters; a politician fond of the limelight, yet genuinely patriotic; a munificent patron of artists; but, above all, a restless roamer on the Continent, quite indifferent to any regard for appearances and with ever a finger in some political pie. As one of the leading spirits among the Irish Volunteers, he was for some years the most popular man in Ireland, and his prosecution for sedition was contemplated by two Viceroys. He was a great builder and did much for agriculture; a lifelong friend and correspondent of Arthur Young. Another of his hobbies was geology, and he made several ascents of Vesuvius in a spirit of real scientific interest. The Earl-Bishop was perhaps the best-known Englishman of his day in Italy and

Germany, where he spent most of his later years collecting pictures and art treasures (most of which were ultimately confiscated by the revolutionary French), and conducting ambitious political schemes in conjunction with his friends Sir William and Lady Hamilton, at Naples, and the Countess Lichtenau, at Pyrmont and Berlin.

THROUGH THIRTY YEARS 1892-1922: A Personal Narrative. By HENRY WICKHAM STEED. William Heinemann, Ltd. In 2 vols. 32*s*.

IN these volumes Mr. Steed records his work on the staff of *The Times* over a period of twenty-six years, first as European correspondent, and later as Editor.

The influence of *The Times* newspaper on European politics is too notorious to need statement: but this is understood as the influence of the written word, dealing with events that have happened. In this journal, however, Mr. Steed records an influence of an earlier kind through over twenty years, exercised by him on events before they happened while still *in gremio*, or even at the moments of conception, to favour or abort.

And, strictly, this was the influence of a private person irresponsible to those who felt it, of a "diplomatic free-lance"—if such an extraordinary thing can be imagined. Nevertheless he was listened to studiously by kings of men and their ministers and frequently consulted, for all knew that what he said now might within a day or two be heard confirmed in thunder in the West.

This prerogative of a *Times* correspondent and its continual exercise, never before so fully divulged, is impressive. "*Quorum magna pars fui*" is a note Mr. Steed frequently sounds, and doubtless with truth.

In that part of his book assigned to the Versailles negotiations for peace, in which Mr. Steed appears to have taken an effective part, he finds space for supplying touches of local colour unfortunately omitted from his contemporary reports, as, *e.g.*:

> Between Clemenceau and Lloyd George there was also a scene in the Council of Three, Clemenceau accusing Lloyd George so flatly of repeated inaccuracy of statement that Lloyd George rose, seized him by the collar and demanded an apology. After Wilson had separated them, Clemenceau offered Lloyd George reparation with pistols or swords . . . and refused to apologize.

A copious index does not atone for the lack of a map—an incomprehensible blunder in a work recording the long drawn out struggles for the alteration of national boundaries.

LIFE AND MEMOIRS OF COUNT MOLÉ. Vol. II. EDITED BY THE MARQUIS DE NOAILLES. Hutchinson. 18*s*

COMPARED with the first volume of these Memoirs, with its graphic recollections of Napoleon, the present instalment, covering the years 1815-1817, is rather small beer. Molé himself writes:—"When I remembered that extraordinary man whose Minister I had been . . . . I seemed to be watching a struggle of pigmies after taking part in one of giants," and refers to the period of the second Bourbon Restoration as a time when everything was carried on by intrigue and when "however small were the works of men, the men were still smaller."

Yet he deprecates a charge of prolixity on the ground that "I write as I have lived, and I was at that time deeply immersed in the infinite pettinesses of a very petty time." He gives us, however, interesting character sketches somewhat after the manner of Saint Simon, not only of the smaller fry now forgotten, but of personages such as Talleyrand and Fouché, Wellington and Pozzo di Borgo, and shrewd appreciations of the Tsar Alexander I. and Madame de Staël; a picture of the unwieldy Louis being hoisted into his chair by his two Ministers at a Council; some acute reflections on men and life; with a little art criticism at the end. Molé himself had great weight in the Chamber of Peers, and represents himself as constantly consulted by all parties, winning over the Duc d'Angoulême from the Ultras, and stiffening the King and his Premier in purging the Ministry of these last. His own political position was that of a moderate royalist, interested in securing stable government but determinedly opposed to despotism or reaction, and persuaded of the necessity of recognising the change in opinion produced by the Revolution.

With all his political austerity Molé was a true Frenchman in one respect. Whilst he complains that nothing in his life has caused him so much humiliation as a reputation for successful gallantry, he dwells with morbid complaisance on his relations, despite chronic ill-health, with various married women; whose identity he does not disclose. The date of composition is fixed by a passage on p. 206 as 1819. The translation is tolerably done, with the exception of some awkward phrases, such as "the return of (from) Gand," and words like "superceded" and "forcity"; but there are not a few misprints of proper names, and the title of a well-known play of Molière is misspelt. The portraits are admirably reproduced.

AUSTRALIA.

THE KANGAROO KEEPS ON TALKING. By L. ST. CLARE GRONDONA. (John Marlowe, Savage & Co.)

THE appeal of this book to any young man of spirit is irresistible, for those who realise that their whole being is but a cog in the eternal monotony of present-day industrial machinery will dream dreams. To breathe the breath of a thousand distant hills, to feel that, given health, energy and enterprise, the whole earth is at your feet, conjures up a magnet of vitality and power sufficient to draw from ten thousand squalid homes in England those little chips of steel which in the past have made and still maintain the British Empire as the dominant factor in the world's advance. The chapters dealing with kangaroos, wallaroos and wallabies; with birds, reptiles and fishes are fascinating reading; while those on "Being a Jackaroo," "Life on Cattle Stations," and "Horsebreaking and Rough-riding," thrill the imagination. This book, however, is no *Treasure Island* story; it is written with the stern and determined purpose of showing that the possibilities of the full development of the vast continent of Australia must rest with England's men and England's statesmen.

The gain of Empire producers is not England's loss; on the contrary, it could effect substantial reductions in the cost of essential

foodstuffs, such as wheat, meat, dairy produce and fruit, together with a boom of even greater value—the progressive emancipation from dependance on countries which do not fly the Union Jack. Mr. Grondona shows the immense significance of the "control of markets," an even more vital factor than costs of production, transport and marketing facilities all combined. He urges that, in spite of a prevailing standard of living and a wages bill higher than in competing countries, and in spite of the immense distance from the United Kingdom, Australian produce would more than hold its own in providing the English consumer with cheap food, were it in a position to occupy the place to which it is entitled.

The demands for an Imperial food policy are insistent; for it is quite unjustifiable, from the Imperial standpoint, that over 60 per cent. of our wheat supplies, 52 per cent. of our butter, 73 per cent. of our tinned meats, 55 per cent. of our apples should be imported from foreign countries; when the Empire is quite competent to supply these commodities, of equal merit and at lower prices.

Mr. Grondona surveys the position of Australia in regard to many other products, such as poultry, cotton, sugar, maize, fruit, citrus, wine and tobacco; its mineral wealth and problems of irrigation, migration, education and medicine. In his hands these subjects are neither dry nor tedious to the general reader; but are discussed in a fresh and engaging style that few can fail to find attractive; and we recommend his book without hesitation to all who are prepared to take an intelligent interest in England overseas.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE DANCE: AN HISTORICAL SURVEY OF DANCING IN EUROPE. By CECIL J. SHARP and A. P. OPPÉ. Hatton and Truscott Smith. 30s.

WITH this sumptuous and excellently informed volume in hand, we realise what we have lost by the death of Cecil Sharp. The enormous fund of information, which his research into Folk Dance and the general history of the Dance ensured, must inevitably have found fuller written expression. As it is, we have an essay on the art in Europe which, in spite of its brevity, is truly comprehensive and which brings out the essential value and importance of the Folk Dance in its evolution. Indeed, Mr. Sharp shows that dancing, divorced from its folk origin, tends to grow meaningless and sterile and to renew its life only by continual change of fashion. After a first section of the book devoted to the Folk Dance itself, there are two essays respectively upon the Social Dance and the Spectacular Dance, each dealing with the subject chronologically from century to century. It is especially interesting in its criticism of the contemporary dance, which in its social aspect is under the thrall of Negro influence, and for the first time in the history of dancing "associated with music of other than the first order," and on its spectacular side has become too patently specialised and gymnastic.

With eighty beautifully produced and well-chosen plates, the volume is encyclopædic.

THREE MASTER-BUILDERS AND ANOTHER. By PELHAM H. BOX, with an Introduction by ERNEST BARKER. Jarrolds. 18*s*.

IN his introduction to these close-packed, closely reasoned essays, the Principal of King's College expresses a doubt as to which of his four subjects the author regards as a non-constructor. Who is the destroyer? We may have a preconceived idea, even certitude, in our own mind, but Mr. Box's pages will give us pause. It is something of a feat to have traced with detachment the careers of contemporary world-figures so varied in character, so much the storm-centres of controversy, as Lenin, Mussolini, Venizelos, and Woodrow Wilson, the "master-builders and another" of this book. The author regards the Italian and the Russian as the protagonists of an anti-democratic reaction, national in the case of Mussolini, international (in intention if not in performance) in that of Lenin. The Greek and American statesmen he considers to be representative of a traditional liberalism. A thesis provocative enough, surely, and calculated to set in motion a cyclone of contradiction. Mr. Box contrives to be fair-minded, without irritating tepidity of judgment and opinion. He contrives at the same time to produce a well-written book—a difficult performance, because violent partisanship has so often proved to be the only begetter of literature. He is evidently a most learned student of world-politics, an acute discerner of the motive behind the deed. He has considerable style, too, and some of his word-pictures (we would instance particularly his account of the closing scene of Wilson's presidency) are very moving. There is a useful index, and the photographs are excellent.

FICTION.

THE HOUSE OF JOY. By JO VAN AMMERS-KULLER. A. M. Philpot. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS translation from the Dutch introduces a very considerable writer to the English public, Mrs. Van Ammers-Küller, a novelist and playwright of high repute in Holland and Germany. The theme is theatrical life, and the story deals with the adventures of a young girl from the minor nobility, who follows her temperamental longings for the stage in spite of her family's opposition and her lover's veto. The curious development of this heroine is seen through the eyes of a literary spinster, whose enthusiastic ideals for art are rudely shocked by contact with theatrical folks, with the edges worn off their restraints by constant contact with emotionalism. In her sane and modest company the reader gets telling glimpses of the popular theatre, and of the art theatre commonwealth which gives its charming name to the book; and in both atmospheres we see her disillusions justified by the easy adaptability and nervous egotism of her heroine and her own life's hero. The delicate power and charm of the narrative also reveal a realistic intimacy with theatrical life and theatrical folks; the narrator's contrasting personality is very delightfully suggested. "Jenny Haysten"—the aspirant—is admirably launched in this story, and we are promised a sequel, from which she and her surroundings prompt us

to anticipate much delight. English readers will welcome a woman writer who, even in translation, stands out as a distinctive artist.

CLOSED ALL NIGHT. By PAUL MORAND. Guy Chapman. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THESE more than Arabian Nights of M. Morand's—admirably translated, by the way, with well-seen idiom, by G. P. C., C. B. P., and H. M.—give the essence of some modern phases of Europe with the vivid cleverness and wicked wit which constitute this writer's particular genius. We get realistic caricatures of the Irish poet, the German Junker, the French political parvenu, and the Levantine adventurer, in settings of detailed authenticity; so piquantly exaggerated and withal so full of knowingness, of philosophic poise and scientific accuracy, that they are more like life than plain portraits can ever be. Thus men would talk—to men—if they had the gift of tongues and of ubiquitous understanding; thus, indeed, those sons of God must have talked, when Satan also was of their number—with a super-moral knowingness most entertaining for Jahveh. To call Paul Morand brilliant would be but a faint damn, he hits these very brass-headed nails so remarkably and excitingly upon the head that all pretentious people must be in fear of catching his eye. There is a smiling malice in his uncanny perception, a dispassionate frankness about the closed door, which is in the last degree amusing, and thus escapes vileness handsomely and leaves one laughing and unhurt. Paul Morand is a wit of quality and a great artist who would not have amused Queen Victoria.

YOUNG MRS. CRUSE. By VIOLA MEYNELL. Edward Arnold 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

ONE of the seven stories of which this volume consists, " We Were Just Saying "—the last of the collection—has been chosen to represent Miss Viola Meynell in Valhalla—" The Best Short Stories of the Year " —by authoritative editors; but all the others are at least as worthy of the compliment. " The Letter " and " Pastoral " are perhaps too long for short stories, but they are of exquisite quality, touching the heart with delicate fingering, real as a clean-washed April morning It is Miss Meynell's special gift to see common life lit by wholesome, healing sunshine—white light made up of incomparable rainbow tints, but clear and explicit in sum; so that the reverberations of her illumination give a breadth to the picture she paints in touches of brilliancy. It is difficult to avoid the word " implication " in attempting to convey this delightful writer's quality, but such a word is too base to be applied to the sampler-like sincerity, the pathetic grace, of her unaffected honesty; which make these stories a sheer delight.

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF JANET ASHBY. By C. H. LE BOSQUET. John Lane. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. LE BOSQUET's previous novel, *Joppert and Son*, gave evidence of an original mind with a nice turn for dry humour in his story telling, and with a certain daring of which his new book shows even larger promise. In *The Double Life of Janet Ashby* he puts the story into

the mouth of a spoof scientist, who, rejected by his fellows, takes the public into his confidence, telling a strange story of sex transformation with remarkably amusing unconscious humour. His dry formalism, so far from preventing any but the scientific aspect from appearing, incidentally gives point and value to situations which would be purely sensational without his professorial intervention. The lady who suffered this strange metamorphosis reveals to this innocuous enquirer a great many delightfully told details of her "dual personality," by which, although her modesty and conventional womanliness are often rather shocked, she has reached a more liberal comprehension of life's adventure than many years of matronhood could give. Mr. Le Bosquet evidently knows his underworld very well, and charms us by something humanly admirable in his athletic young criminal, who wins the affection of the shrinking feminine part of his reduplicated personality by his physical powers and his care-free readiness of resource. The professor is an excellent chorus to the laughable, and sometimes thrilling, narrative, though there is, perhaps, rather too much of him in the appendix—suggesting a popular form of surgery.

SAILS OF SUNSET. By CECIL ROBERTS. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. ROBERTS'S story of the love of a young Englishman of the banking aristocracy for the daughter of a Chioggia master fisherman, complicated by a ferocious Italian rival and a too loving sister-in-law, gives this picturesque writer plenty of opportunity for word painting, which should lead to an unusual influx of visitors to this unique outpost of the Lido. The author certainly makes one see the sails of sunset and all the sun-smitten charm of the Adriatic summer, beside telling a pleasant story of an artistic Anglo-Saxon's conquest by the passionate South; but it is as a coloured picture book in words that this novel is chiefly acceptable.

EVERY WIFE. By GRANT RICHARDS. Grant Richards. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

HOW to be naughty without being very naughty! The *côte d'azur*, and the blue train not too cerulean! This is the school of slightly weary young wives and ultra-confident husbands in Mr. Grant Richards' jolly book. Two couples are concerned, pleasant people, nice youngish men with pretty, slightly bored wives. The cure for this boredom is a cheque for two hundred pounds apiece for the ladies, and a ticket of leave from their Maidenhead monotony. The wives, departing, talk of America, but fate takes them to Monte Carlo and a set of perfectly respectable but quite stimulating encounters—in fact, Mr. Grant Richards does them remarkably well in men and diversions. Of course, the poor, solitary husbands, to fill an aching void, try Paris, and philander a little with two pretty ladies, who follow them to Cannes; but there is no French farce in this story, only just enough jealousy to make a good curtain. Incidentally, the lore of hotel and casino life at the champagne standard is most informative in company with this soundly English and oh! quite proper guide. A good idea, very amusingly worked out in detail, which every wife will contemplate with approval, whatever husbands may think of Mr. Grant Richards and his remedy.

The White Australia

By A. St. Ledger

Formerly Senator for Queensland in the Commonwealth Parliament.

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Peopling Canada

By D. Algar-Bailey, F.R.G.S.

(page 417).

Empire Notes

Dominions and Foreign Policy

THE problem of how to secure adequate consultation between the United Kingdom and the Dominions, particularly in the sphere of foreign policy, has figured prominently in the "Empire Supplement" of this REVIEW during the past year. A few weeks ago *The Times* published an interesting series of articles discussing this problem at some length, pointing out the danger of letting matters drift, and making certain tentative suggestions as to the general lines upon which a solution might be reached. Briefly the proposals put forward were that

(1) the business of consulting with the Dominion Governments about foreign affairs ought to be transferred from the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office; (2) the relations between the British Foreign Secretary and the Dominion Prime Ministers or Ministers for External Affairs should be conducted on lines analogous to those followed in ordinary international diplomatic intercourse, the High Commissioners of Dominions being treated on the same footing as the Ambassador of an Ally; (3) the representation of Great Britain in the Dominions should be improved, the functions of both Governors-General and High Commissioners being remodelled (it is suggested that Governors-General should be selected mainly with an eye to their diplomatic qualifications and given the additional title of High Commissioner, and that in the case of the High Commissioners of the Dominions in London they should be selected for their diplomatic qualities, accredited to the Foreign Office, and have their purely commercial functions transferred to another official); (4) the Dominions ought to obtain access to direct information about the international situation by making more use of the world-wide machinery of the British Diplomatic Service, or by building up a staff of foreign experts of their own, dovetailed as far as possible into the British system. The writer of this clearly expressed and thoughtful survey concludes by observing that "the Empire will only survive if its six principal nations can continuously agree upon their policy about the great international issues which are constantly arising to challenge peace and threaten war. . . . Yet to-day agreement depends upon a system of intercommunication which puts a premium upon that misunderstanding and suspicion which is inseparable from ignorance. . . . The only sensible course is that we should make up our minds to try the method of continuous consultation to the limit, and make our machinery for inter-Imperial intercourse at least as effective as our machinery for diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers." We are glad that this useful series of articles has been reprinted in pamphlet form. It is to be hoped that it will be widely read throughout the Empire and that it will assist in provoking a serious attempt to deal with a situation that is charged with great peril to the unity of the Empire.

EMPIRE NOTES

East African Development

THE African Society's dinner of welcome to the members of the East African Commission at the Trocadero on January 28th was a notable function, and the excellent speech delivered by Mr. Ormsby-Gore may well prove to have inaugurated a new era in East African development. Transportation and population were the two chief problems, said Mr. Ormsby-Gore. With goodwill and intelligence these countries could produce as few others in the world. The twentieth century was Africa's. Britain had the largest slice of it, and we ought to do our best for it as an Imperial heritage. There is no doubt that if the Treasury can be won over to this view the production of cotton, sugar, sisal, maize, coffee and other tropical crops in East Africa can be so stimulated as to free this country from dependence on transatlantic sources, with great economic benefit to ourselves. But the necessary help must be forthcoming in the direction of providing transport facilities with adequate medical and scientific services. In particular, as Major Church pointed out, a campaign must be undertaken on a comprehensive scale against the tsetse fly; which is not only a direct menace to the life of man, but by rendering large areas unfit for cattle, prevents cultivation and farm transport in regions which would otherwise be capable of carrying a large population. The success which has attended many battles with the malaria-carrying mosquito encourages the belief that, if attacked with sufficient energy, the tsetse fly could be similarly vanquished. Until this has been done tropical Africa can never yield its full riches to the world.

Empire Settlement

A MATTER of equal importance is Empire settlement. Colonel Obed Smith had some valuable counsel to offer in last month's ENGLISH REVIEW. Not only is it vitally necessary for the United Kingdom to place migration on a basis which will at least absorb the annual increase of the population, but in Canada, Australia, and South Africa the desirability of accelerating the influx of population is obvious, though for somewhat different reasons in each case. Canada requires a larger population to relieve her of the burden of her duplicated western railway system, which is now proving a

heavy drain on the national exchequer; Australia requires a larger white garrison to render her secure from the threat of an Asiatic invasion; and South Africa needs more whites to offset the rapid increase of her native population. Some British statesmen, among whom Mr. Amery is an outstanding example, know that the migration problem can only be settled in conjunction with a definite policy for stimulating intra-Empire trade. Therefore we much regret the decision of the Government to jettison a large proportion of the preference resolutions passed by the Economic Conference of 1923. We are far from satisfied that the alternative policy of setting aside a million sterling for some, as yet, undefined use in stimulating trade with the oversea Empire will prove a satisfactory or efficient substitute. Such suggestions as we have heard put forward are either impractical, or would open the way to grave dangers and abuses. The Economic Conference resolution had at least the merit of having been approved by all the self-governing States of the Empire, and with a reasonable assurance of stability, they offered some prospect of acting as a direct stimulus to migration by ensuring a market for certain oversea produce in this country.

The "Missing Link" in South Africa

GREAT interest attaches to the discovery of fossilised remains at Taungs, in Bechuanaland, which, according to Professor Dart, of Johannesburg University, represent an intermediate form between the great apes and man. Coming after the discovery of the famous Broken Hill skull, the Taungs find suggests that the advent of man in Africa happened at a very much earlier date than such authorities as Sir Harry Johnston have indicated as probable. Indeed, it now seems very doubtful whether man originally came into Africa from Asia, and there would appear to be good grounds for supposing that Southern Africa was itself the scene, or one of the scenes, of the evolutionary process that in the course of hundreds of thousands of years transformed an apelike creature into *homo sapiens*. Apparently there is a distinct possibility that the limestone deposit at Taungs may yield further evidence on this point, but it is distressing to learn that ignorance has already cost us the loss of remains which might have proved even more illuminative than those examined by Professor Dart.

A White Australia

By A. St. Ledger

Formerly Senator for Queensland in the Commonwealth Parliament

Mr. Eggleston's exposition and defence of "The White Australia Policy," which appeared in The English Review for July last, was as complete as it was timely. Were it not that the subject is as vitally important to Great Britain as to Australia, his article might remain without qualification or addition.

I recently delivered a series of addresses in New Zealand on some problems which confront us in the South Pacific and with which the "White Australia" policy is inseparably implicated. I addressed this question to one of my audiences: "Have you ever pondered over the significance of the fact that Australia is the last remaining tract of country of any considerable area now left on this earth as a heritage for the white man?" Amongst the audience were an American tourist and a New Zealand business man. We met together in the smoking-room of the hotel after the address. The American, with characteristically emotional expression, said to me, "That remark struck me like a blow from the fist between my eyes." The New Zealander quietly remarked: "I had never thought of the subject in that light. I had my doubts about that policy. I have none now. We can no longer afford to play or palter with it here." I sometimes wonder whether Great Britain realises this fact. I doubt whether we realise or understand it ourselves. All of us want to settle or subdue those ghosts which the war called up from their tombs. But I may say this. I know—and I use the word advisedly—that Germany realised the fact years before the war broke out, and that we had to put a few of the disciples of that cult here "behind the bars" till the struggle was over.

On ethical, national and international grounds, Mr. Eggleston's case, if I may say so, is unanswerable. But

he makes some observations on our own conditions and relations with regard to the policy, that require some qualification before they can be safely accepted either in Great Britain or here. He says: (1) The only real criticism against the climate of Queensland is that in a hot climate democracy does not work well. People perspire too much to maintain the vigilance which is essential for the working of democratic institutions. (2) The rest of tropical Australia possesses a relatively dry climate; a climate so dry at any rate that agriculture is almost impossible. This area can only be devoted to the pastoral industry. (3) In the interior plains, also, the rainfall is not sufficient for agriculture, and the only industry possible is the pastoral. Cotton might be found suitable, but only in small areas.

No violence is done to the context by this isolation of portions of the text. With regard to (2) and (3), they are serious and vitally important. With regard to (1), I will dismiss it by quoting an instance. Sir S. W. Griffith was a Queenslander in all but birth and infancy. He was the drafter and architect of our Constitution; its first interpreter as the Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia. He nursed it for years during its embryonic processes right up to the period of ratification by the whole Australian electorate; and when the Imperial House of Commons got itself into a hopeless (and somewhat stupid) tangle over the Judiciary Clauses, and was about to commit itself to something most outrageously undemocratic, it was Sir S. Griffith who prevented the charter from being swaddled in the shirt of Nessus. If that charter is not democratic, then democracy has never written nor will ever write one. Mr. Eggleston's statement, therefore, goes (in that respect only) to the literary dustbin of those who believe that morality and ethics are merely questions of parallels of latitude—and perspiration.

Now I crave permission to strike a broader and stronger personal note. Mr. Eggleston is (I believe) a native of the State of Victoria. I am a Queenslander who grew with the growth of Queensland, and who represented that State in the Commonwealth Parliament—saw and watched every phase of its development. It was the

battle-ground on which the policy of "White Australia" was first temporarily beaten and afterwards decisively won and settled. And it is because of the synchronisation of my own intellectual development with the civil and social development of my State that I take strong exception to the statements of Mr. Eggleston's numbered (2) and (3) above.

One of the most vivid of my memories of the infant school (those were our early, very early days) is that of a map of Australia. Right along its centre, from West to East, and from shore to shore, four words were printed in large, neat Roman capitals. They were as clear, distinctive there as the shadow of the Sphinx on the sands of the Egyptian desert. The final letters terminated far east in the State of Queensland. The words were "The Great Australian Desert." Afterwards, as I grew older, I read and heard, with regard to my own State, exactly what Mr. Eggleston wrote the other day in (2) and (3) about the interior and a large portion of Australia, and every word of it was false—as regards Queensland. The very places, the very spots, where in my infancy and youth I was told, dogmatically and with almost "damnable iteration," that not even cabbages could grow or be grown, are now as closely settled by as rich, productive, prosperous (and democratic) a population as can be found anywhere in Australia, or in Europe outside its smaller and highly industrialised countries. Hence, when I see now the same kind of generalisation, to which I take (and took) such clear and strong exception, I doubt it all very much.

I may be permitted to make another personal statement. Time and again I have travelled from the coast westwards to the termini of all our Queensland railway lines—three times from the Gulf to Brisbane overland every yard of the road, in summer and in winter; and frequently far and wide in five out of the six States of Australia on the southern and eastern sides. I know my own State thoroughly well, and sufficient of the others to understand and make comparisons. It was because of my knowledge of my own State that I always stood by and for a "White Queensland," and by inevitable inference for a "White Australia" as well. The ethical and historical

reasons were then clear enough to me, and the knowledge which was gained by closer contact with Queensland's and Australia's natural resources, climate and possibilities confirmed beyond argument all I had gathered in the other fields.

Such statements—"a climate so dry at any rate that agriculture is almost impossible"; "can only be devoted to the pastoral industry"; "in the interior plains the rainfall is not sufficient for agriculture, and the only industry possible is the pastoral"; "cotton may be found suitable but only in small areas"—all mean that with the exception of comparatively small areas in the southern, eastern, and south-western portions of Australia and the tropical highlands of Queensland, Australia can only support a population of white nomads. That is what it all amounts to, and because this is so I protest now, even against Mr. Eggleston, as I often did against others.

The very close and intimate relation between the Mallee district in Victoria and the rest of that State, of Renmark and South Australia (I could give numerous other examples), where years ago the same old dirge was chanted, ought to have warned Mr. Eggleston against such broad and somewhat Podsnappian generalisations. I say that there is not sufficient detailed and authentic evidence to support them, and further, that the evidence as to the natural drawbacks which have been overcome elsewhere in Australia is, on the whole, at present "dead against them." Time may yet confirm them; and as to time, it is on our side, and I lean on and go with it, until I get a clearer signal from it. I am the more inclined to do so when Mr. Eggleston will have it that because of my excessive perspiration as a Queenslander in Queensland, I may not now have sufficient intelligence or energy left to maintain that vigilance which the working of democratic institutions requires. By the way, may I ask, how came it that western civilisation developed from Athens northwards to Rome, Gaul, Britain and Germany, and not *vice versa* on the Egglestonian theory?

I take exception to these statements for another reason. Though they may really mean that our interior dooms us to nomadism, they may be taken to convey that it is a desert—a desert habitable by only a

species of British Bedouins. Here a generally applicable observation—but not a generalisation—may be ventured. Whatever may be the character and effect of that interior, it will and can, I venture to think, have no more effect on the spread and development of our own race in Australia than Utah, Arizona and New Mexico had upon development in the United States.

The fallacies in reasoning from the particular to the general are as persistent as they are dangerous. Bearing this in mind, I give now one significant personal experience in relation to this phase of the question. Between the years 1890-93 a succession of financial cyclones destroyed almost all our Australian banks. The cry went up, " Back to the land." To relieve the unemployment in the cities, as well as to give the unemployed a better chance, communal settlements were established in some of the States. With returning prosperity these gradually vanished, but in 1898 I visited the remnants of one of them in Queensland. Five only of the original settlers remained. It was at the Alice River, close to Barcaldine on the Central-Western Railway about 370 miles inland from the port of Rockhampton, on one of those island plains to which Mr. Eggleston refers, and right on the very edge of what was then (and perhaps is still) popularly called " the desert." I may mention that the Crown held out the inducement of freehold titles for the settlers on the performance of certain conditions, and at the time of my visit (which was entirely unannounced) they were helping each other to carry these out. The first thing I saw was a patch of five acres which had been stripped of its wheat. It had yielded, I was told, 40 bushels to the acre. It was not the days of dollar wheat then, and owing to the absence of mills, the cost of transportation, etc., the men had determined not to extend the experiment. But 40 bushels to the acre ! I went round the farms. On the very edge of the " desert " they were blooming like the rose. They supplied Barcaldine with all the poultry, eggs, vegetables, and tropical and sub-tropical fruits that they could raise. They had a few sheep and pigs, and some cattle as well. One of the men was cook (probably he once was a shearer's cook); and if the cooking was not up to the best Parisian style, it was abreast or ahead of Australian standards, and

the shearers' standard is a fairly high and good one. Everything at the mid-day dinner, save the raisins and the rice in the pudding, was "home-grown." There was meat, poultry and pork as the staple of the meal; three kinds of the very freshest vegetables, pudding, and abundance of fruit, with tea and a plentiful supply of milk. On the edge of the "desert"! The men were not merely contented, but delighted with their present and with their prospects for the future.

My particular point here is this. That patch may or may not have developed into a large agricultural settlement. Possibly, and even probably, wool and sheep may have proved more attractive and remunerative. But there it was, exactly as I describe it. I could multiply such instances from the interior of New South Wales and South Australia. Therefore I cannot accept, and respectfully challenge, such statements as I have quoted above.

A further question may be addressed. In the face of these instances, who can set bounds on the possibilities of closer settlement—aided by science, more frequent and rapid transportation, and the increase of a resolute and self-reliant population—on the outer lines or even far inland stretches doomed by Mr. Eggleston to the lonely sheep and their lonelier shepherds? I do not presume to do so.

As to Mr. Eggleston's statements about cotton, it is not the climate nor the soil that is the crux of the difficulty. It is the labour. When quite a child, and with only the stamina of a child, I have picked my 40 lb. of seed cotton between breakfast and dusk, in a most delightful climate under the healthiest outdoor conditions, from an experimental ten-acre patch, and was credited with ½d. a lb. for my holiday task. I learnt long years afterwards something about the Carovonica cotton staple grown on Queensland's tropical highlands; and knowing those things, I am still less inclined to set bounds to future possibilities.

Let there be no mistake here. I hold no brief for any government or anybody else in this matter, officially or unofficially. There is no one intervening between me and the reader, as there was no one in Mr. Eggleston's case. I write on behalf of the truth and of a clear knowledge of the facts. I have seen fine cotton growing wild

in the northern territory at less than 100 miles from Darwin. Cotton is not yet what wheat or gold was and is to us; but it may become so. I ventured this statement to one of the ablest and most responsible experts in Australia, in the presence of others, and asked him to put any limitations on the daring optimism of the statement if he chose to do so. He remarked in reply, "I am rather with than against you, if we can get the labour." It is the economic difficulty that constitutes the trouble in our present initiatory stages. I have just come from an inspection of a large ginning mill recently erected in Brisbane, and have discussed these and other phases of the question there. And how things, with the aid of science and capital, tend to aid and supplement each other! I said to one of the managers who was showing me over, "I have an idea that you are as keen for the oil from the seed as for the ginning of the cotton." "The oil is my part of the business," he replied.

Wool is King, but who can say what wheat and cotton are yet to be for us?

I have no desire to leave an impression that this interior is a second Eden. I have seen it at certain times "when the heavens were as brass," and the plains were strewn for miles with the bleached bones of cattle and sheep. Yet a little while afterwards I have travelled over the same places through grass breast high, and higher in other parts, and seen cattle of enormous size with coats on them as fine as those of thoroughbreds doing their preliminary Derby canters. My point is that the truth is to be found, as it usually is, in the mean between the two extremes. But that these lands which I have seen so often in all their smiling and scowling moods, are fit only to be the limbo of nomadism, is a statement as rash and as unjustifiable as that which asserts such an antagonism between perspiration and democracy.

"What do they know of England, who only England know?" What can the packed thousands of the two metropolitan cities of Sydney and Melbourne know of the things I have written here? These thousands incline their ears, as yet, rather to Mr. Eggleston's supplications than to mine. That is the reason why half our population is packed into six capital cities, and, worse still, why the size of these

cities is steadily growing more and more out of proportion to the number of people on the land. That way lies national doom. Let us go on that road a little longer, and we shall hear the curfew tolling the death knell of our "White Australia" policy, and see the last heritage of the white man in pawn to some alien race. I write what I have written by way of pleading for a new, a saner, a more correct orientation of ideals and politics, as much for England's sake as for Australia's. There can be no more effective guarantee for the world's peace than the presence of ten or fifteen millions of our own race (not all nomads) in the interior of Australia. With that addition to our numbers and with our natural increase, we could warn war off the South Pacific for all time, and relieve the Titan mother of some of her burden, fear of which rather than its weight is at present weakening the pulse and chilling the heart of those whose ancestors built up the Empire, still as much the envy as the admiration of mankind. I venture to think that if we only see our task in its true and real proportions, with its difficulties and possibilities coolly and sanely balanced, it becomes the more certain and easy of realisation.

Peopling Canada

By D. Algar-Bailey, F.R.G.S.

THE effective settlement of Canada has been a problem confronting that Dominion for many years. That it is still far from being solved is evidenced by a study of the country's census and immigration returns for the ten years 1911-1921. During that period the natural increase and immigration figures indicated an addition of some 3,300,000 to the population, but the census shows that the actual gain was only 1,581,840. In other words, the loss by migration was nearly one and three-quarter millions; and the statistics for 1921-4 are even more alarming. Canada's official explanation of this exodus is "bad and unwise farming" and "adverse economic conditions."

It would be quite possible for me to combat these explanations by claiming that responsibility for poor farming was largely consequent upon faulty immigration and settlement plans, and that adverse economic conditions could be mainly attributed to excessive customs tariffs, which, though originally imposed for fair protection of growing industries, have become so increased for revenue purposes as greatly to depreciate the Canadian dollar. Were I to do so, however, and even satisfy the reader that my claim was well founded, I should still not have begun to deal with the major reason for land depopulation.

The impression I gained as the result of residence in Canada from 1909 to 1923, twelve of which years were spent in the West, is that people leave or desert their farms because they cannot stand the isolation of prairie life in winter time. The never-ending stretch of deeply frozen snow-covered land for practically four months out of twelve, is unnerving when more often than not no other house is in sight, or perhaps in the dim distance a curl of smoke is the only sign that some other family is enduring the same isolation. This is what human beings have rebelled, and will continue to rebel, against, until Canada becomes frank enough to admit the truth and faces the real problem.

That these adverse conditions are recognised by those actually engaged in the settlement and sale of Canadian land is well evidenced by the fact that they mainly concentrate upon securing settlers from the more humble races of Central Europe, or from such people as the Hebrideans, who have long suffered in their own territory. I can also quote no less an authority than Mr. W. M. Cory, C.M.G., who has been Deputy Minister of the Interior for some twenty odd years. His statement to the writer in 1923 was: "Western Canada can never be settled as at present contemplated—the women and children will never stand for it."

Mr. Cory, however, claims that the prairies can only become properly cultivated by corporations, who will operate over large areas and employ machinery and hired labour. Frankly, I do not agree with his proposals. Not only am I convinced that they are unnecessary, but equally I feel sure no section of the public—except, perhaps, dealers in grain—would countenance them when humanity is clamouring for land and homes. I see no obstacle in the way of effective settlement of Canada's prairies other than Canada's unwillingness to face the situation and admit past errors. The solution of the problem lies in the direction of co-operative cultivation and group settlement. When Mr. Cory says "large areas" he is right, but he errs by suggesting corporations.

There are those both here and overseas who think that the Canadian winter makes settlement impossible. This I hold to be quite untrue, for, although admittedly severe, the winter is thoroughly enjoyable for nine days out of every ten—granted one's environment is a happy one. The summers, of course, are glorious, and in all the climate is both healthy and invigorating—if not, indeed, rejuvenating to those who, not being abject slaves to European conventionalism, can see happiness in a more free atmosphere. The winter handicap is only evident when one has to face it more or less alone. It is only then it does deadly work—more deadly still if one's crop has failed and food is short, or perhaps another child is due before the thaw sets in. And the tragedy of all this is that it is quite unnecessary, for it has come through throwing open for settlement millions of acres of unclassified

land, much of it unfit even for grazing, and from encouraging people to scatter themselves in haphazard manner all over the Far West.

It is, however, no good bemoaning the past. Rather let me suggest how things can be made better if wiser heads can but prevail upon Canada's official brain to think along co-operative lines and more of the human element.

From time to time plans have been put forward in Canada for the "amelioration of rural living conditions." Of note amongst those who in their time gave the matter deep thought were Earl Grey (one of Canada's most popular Governors-General) and Sir Wm. Van Horne, late President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In more recent years plans have been prepared by the Hon. A. C. Flumerfelt, of Victoria, B.C.; Mr. Thos. Adams, of Letchworth Garden City; and in 1922 the writer, whilst in Ottawa, submitted a scheme to the Cabinet which was most strongly endorsed by many eminent Canadians, including a number of agricultural experts. The objective in each case has been group settlement, and the main difference between the writer's plans and those of the forenamed was that his did not call for any change in the existing survey system, but merely a replacement of certain roads. The proposed unit was the existing township of thirty-six square miles, divided by imaginary boundary lines into nine blocks. Each of these blocks had reserved in it a residential village site which allowed some two and a half acres to each farmer whose land lay within that particular block. The plan was equally as easy of adoption in already partially settled areas as in non-occupied districts, and lent itself admirably to either co-operative or individual farming operations, or a combination of both. There was no call, either, for any expenditure by the Government which was not fully recoverable from the farmers themselves, and in no case would this have amounted to more than 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per farm acre.

It is the writer's belief that not only can Canada never become effectively settled until she introduces a genuine group system, but, further, that it is unfair to continue to ask settlers to try to do what countless others have failed to accomplish—it is asking the impossible. I in no way suggest that group settlement or co-operative farming

should be made compulsory, but merely ask that every facility be afforded those who wish to establish themselves in that manner. The country itself is an admirable one and well suited to farming in almost every one of its branches, but Britishers contemplating settlement there should form themselves into co-operative groups, farm their individual

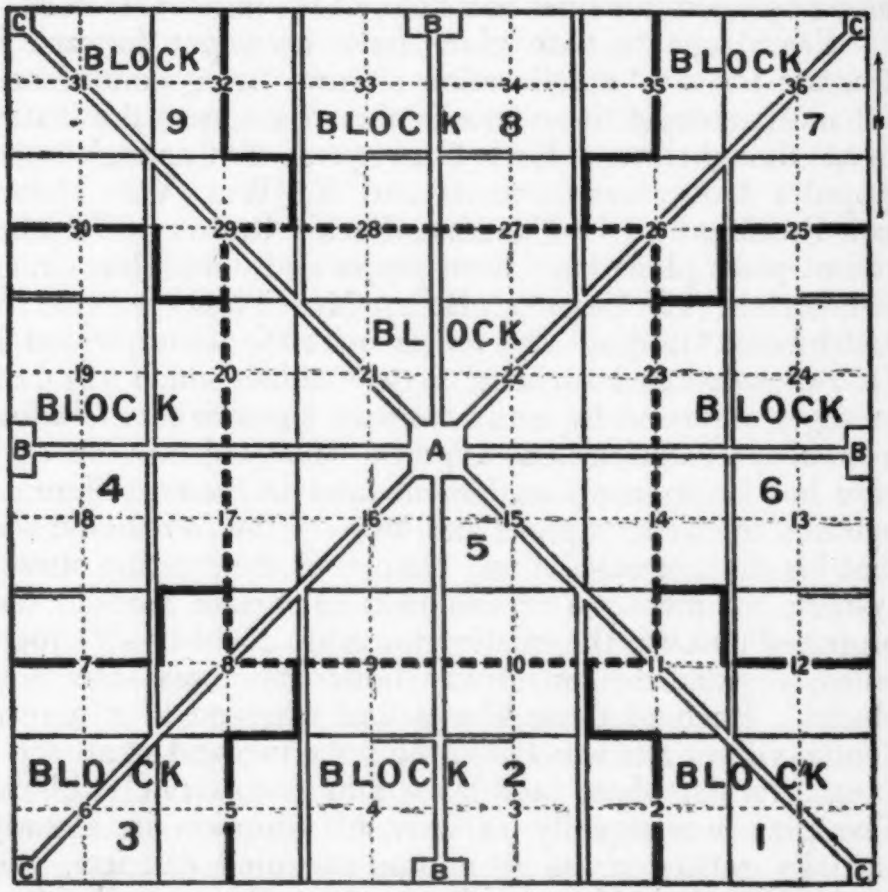

Diagram of one of the six mile Townships (36 sections of 640 acres each) into which the whole of Western Canada is divided, but showing the slight changes suggested by Mr. Algar-Bailey: the two diagonal roads in lieu of others of a greater total length; the village sites—A, B, C, and the areas tributary to them—blocks 1-9.

holdings *en bloc*, and not stake their all on wheat or any one field crop.

In conclusion, I would like to urge upon Britain the necessity of lifting oversea settlement work clear of all political parties and private interests. The time has come for a national movement which must be captained by big men and women who realise that their task is "Peopling the Empire."